

**MATTERS
OF
MOMENT**

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OF
MATTER**



BUCK'S ROCK
A Creative Work Camp
New Milford, Connecticut, 06776

SUMMER '84

BUCKS ROCK
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SUMMER '84

Everyone knows what a yearbook is, and I won't bother to analyze the title because I think Ernst beat me to it.

I also don't want to sound as if Sybil slipped me \$10 or something, but this camp means a lot to me. I had a lot of fun this summer, and part of that fun was learning things that will help me become a better person.

The whole point of a camp like this is to get a whole bunch of people together so that they can make each other happy and learn from each other. It's the world on a smaller, friendlier, more intimate scale. I hope that everyone took advantage of everything there was to profit from, and I don't just mean the physical facilities.

One can have as good or bad a time as one likes here at Buck's Rock or in any other place or situation. I truly believe in most of the philosophies here at Buck's Rock. This place is an anthill, but a very important one, if you make it such. You have time here to relax and take a look at yourself. Being in contact with so many different people with varying morals and attitudes gives you the opportunity to compare and figure out what kind of person you want to be.

We live only to be happy, and Buck's Rock gives one a chance to learn how to be happy. The only problem is Buck's Rock ends when the summer is over. This should be changed immediately.

I would like to thank Allison, Bea, Bob, Bobby, Bryan, Caroline, Karen, Laura, Lisa, Marko and Richard for their encouragement, love and attention. And all the Pits* for the life that they added to the shop.

the end

Nora Daniel
Nora Daniel
Editor-in-Chief

*Pits=Pubbies-in-training

"Write one anyway," Bea demands after being told I cannot think of what to write. So I grab a piece of paper and sit down at a typewriter.

And I still don't know what to write. Why does this conflict seem so familiar? No matter.

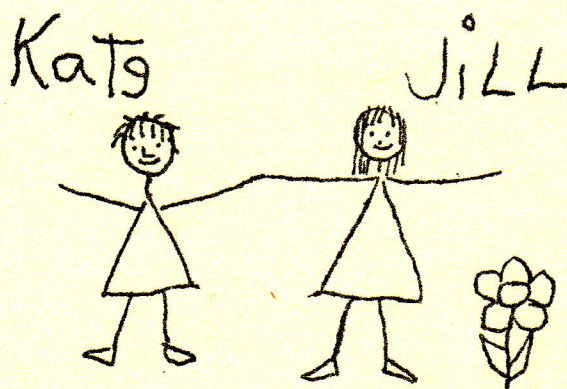
Yearbook time is a strange time of year. It is confusing, aggravating, and fun at the same time. But the most insane part of Yearbook time is finding out, after typing an eight page story, that I used Prestige Elite 12 in typing instead of Courier 10. Now there's an experience no one deserves to go through!

Typing things for the Yearbook is a drag, but ruling paper for people to type on is even worse. Doing runs is okay for the first five minutes, but then it gets boring and frustrating.

The only thing I actually look forward to is bothering Bryan Blas...

Nicholas Kaufmann

Nicholas Kaufmann
Assistant Editor-in-Chief



Kate Lebow
Kate Lebow

Jill Rosenberg
Jill Rosenberg

Co-editors, Art and Layout

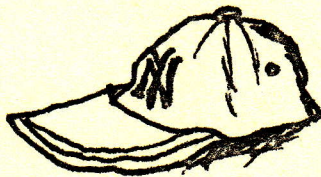
Well, there goes another summer; that makes #7. I'm hoping for a #8, because with all the wonderful people I met this summer (one in particular), there's no telling what might happen in 1985.

What a place to spend a summer--BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP--from the Animal Farm right through Weaving, it's filled with all the fun you can imagine. Some of you might not agree, but if I didn't think so, I wouldn't have come back for 7 years. All the achievements--Dance Night, Carnival, David and Lisa, year-book, and all the great projects made in the shops by us. I, personally, spent most of my time in Pub, drawing cartoons, doing production and a few layouts, and making a wood project in Wood.

To sum it all up, I think it was an amazing summer.

See ya 'round!

Roger Bailey



Roger Bailey
Associate Art Editor

It dawned on me just the other day that if I compared all the minutes in my life to the time I have spent at Buck's Rock this summer, Buck's Rock would only take up a small slot. Buck's Rock '84 would only be a moment. But wait--not just a moment, but a moment unforgettable. I will always remember the excitement that was associated with it by remembering the activities and happenings of this summer, Carnival, yearbook, losing my glasses in the Waterhole. But I also look towards the less concrete happenings at Buck's Rock. For example, its philosophy. I can get what I want out of Buck's Rock. And as I look back now at the end of camp, I realize that I did get a lot out of Buck's Rock. Friends that I will never lose, more than just material items that I will take home with me.. I realize that Buck's Rock '84 has been a moment of matter.

Alessandro Weiss

Alessandro Weiss
Writing Editor



Amy Rule

Amy Rule
Production Editor

Heart of Gold

A man in a three piece suit and a smile
I look up from under his knees
an ant looks at the world
what a big man
strong and brave
can fix anything

the shoes he wears are brown with little brown perforations
I say 'daddy shoes,' Mommy says winged tip
I am learning to tie them
his gentle hands guide mine as we make sloppy bows

now I call him Dad
in my eyes he is no longer a pillar of perfection
he is a delicate flower that is wilting
his petals' edges are greying and curling up
yet this flower smiles at me harder than ever

someday I may tie his shoes
and he will look out of tired eyes at me
my flower will smile again and his golden heart will still
shine.

Mary Ida Zamore

Mary Ida Zamore
Poetry Editor

Being the Photo Editor? Great idea, huh? That's what I said. I didn't know how much work I had in front of me. The easy part was compiling a list of things to be shot. Then the hard part came along, getting the people to take the photos. Few photos came in, and being the editor, I had the "privilege" of taking the photos needed. Although I was up late nights developing, I had fun and it was worth it. "Matters of Moment" is the year-book many of us will flip through over the years and remember the moments we've had at Buck's Rock this summer. I'm just glad that I had a large part to contribute to "Matters of Moment."

Brian Gross

Brian Gross
Photography Editor

I became a writing editor a bit late, but that didn't put a damper on any of the excitement that I felt when I found out. My summer as a CIT in Pub had been great so far, but now it was perfect. The only problem I had, in case you can't tell, was writing an editorial. Writing and editing were a lot of hard work, but it was always fun. The counselors were great, and I feel that I must tell you that summer '84 was the greatest yet. I hope you enjoyed your summer as much as I have mine. Well, that's it. I've completely run out of ideas for this editorial.

Sharon Shafer

Sharon Shafer
Assistant Editor, Writing

SHOPS



Time makes us older
Time makes us wiser
Time brings us closer to the future
And time places us further from the past.
Still, we never seem to have enough time.
Not enough time for what?
Not enough time to create
Not enough time to learn
Not enough time to give
And not enough time to grasp all that
life has to offer.
Then what can we do?
Time cannot be stopped
And time cannot be wasted
But time can be appreciated
And filled with happy moments.

by Nancy Furman

DANCE '84

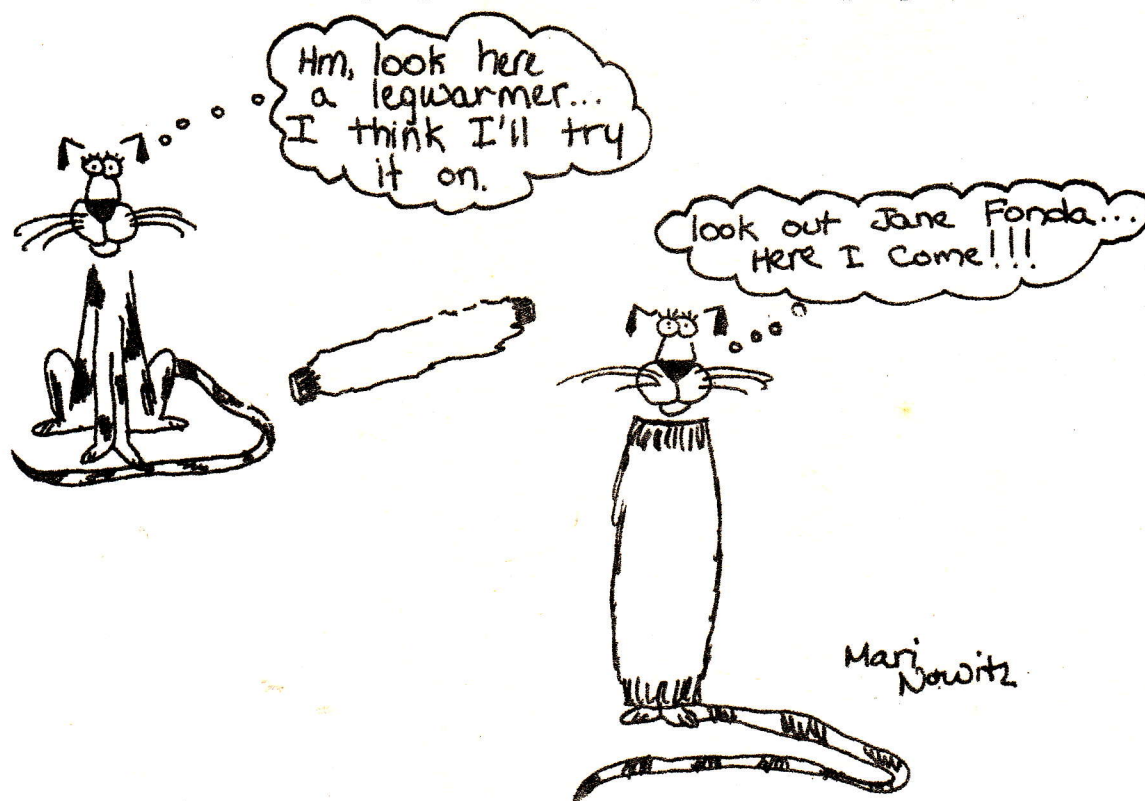
by Caroline Cuevas

As soon as I stepped into the dance studio on my very first day at Buck's Rock this summer, I knew that this was going to be a special summer for us. I loved the atmosphere immediately.

Jose, Rynanne, Mara, Rachel, Stephanie and I came to camp as individuals with separate lives and our own hopes and ideas for the summer to come. Somehow along the way, our lives and hopes and ideas became one. We worked together with dedication, each contributing a part of ourselves to make the studio into an alive and active world of dance.

We set up schedules, taught classes, cared for the studio, choreographed dances, and prepared dance nights with which we could express all that we felt about ourselves and each other. But most of all, we took campers who enjoyed dance as we did, and molded them into a successful dance company. Without the help from every person who was part of the dance department this summer, our success could not have been achieved.

I look back on my summer as a dance CIT with feelings of warmth and love. I became alive dancing with a devotion that I didn't know existed within me, and I owe much of it to the wonderful people who danced right by my side.



"Rockin' The Paradise"

26
1000

Mary-Craig Johnson
Suzanne Schier
Dorothy Miller



THE WATERHOLE

By Jennifer Taub

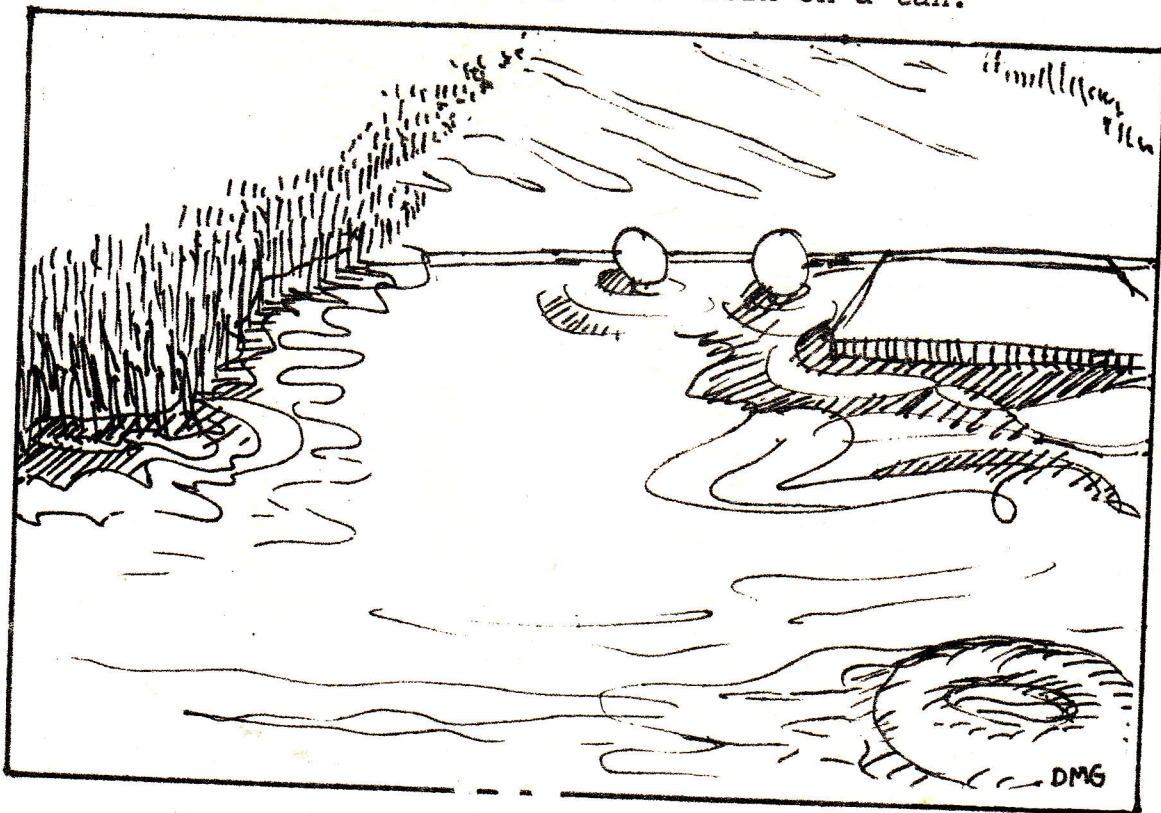
The waterhole. Everyone has a different reaction. "You mean there's no pool?" "What is it, a swamp?" "No, of course not, it's even got a waterfall."

On the unbearably hot afternoons here at camp, if you go down to the waterfront, be it via the blue van or the path behind the Science Lab, you will be sure to find it filled with Buck's Rockers in giant inner tubes.

Most of us just go down to the waterhole to cool off and have fun. You can lie out on the raft, and there are always the ever-popular challenges of standing up on an inner tube or swimming through the waterfall.

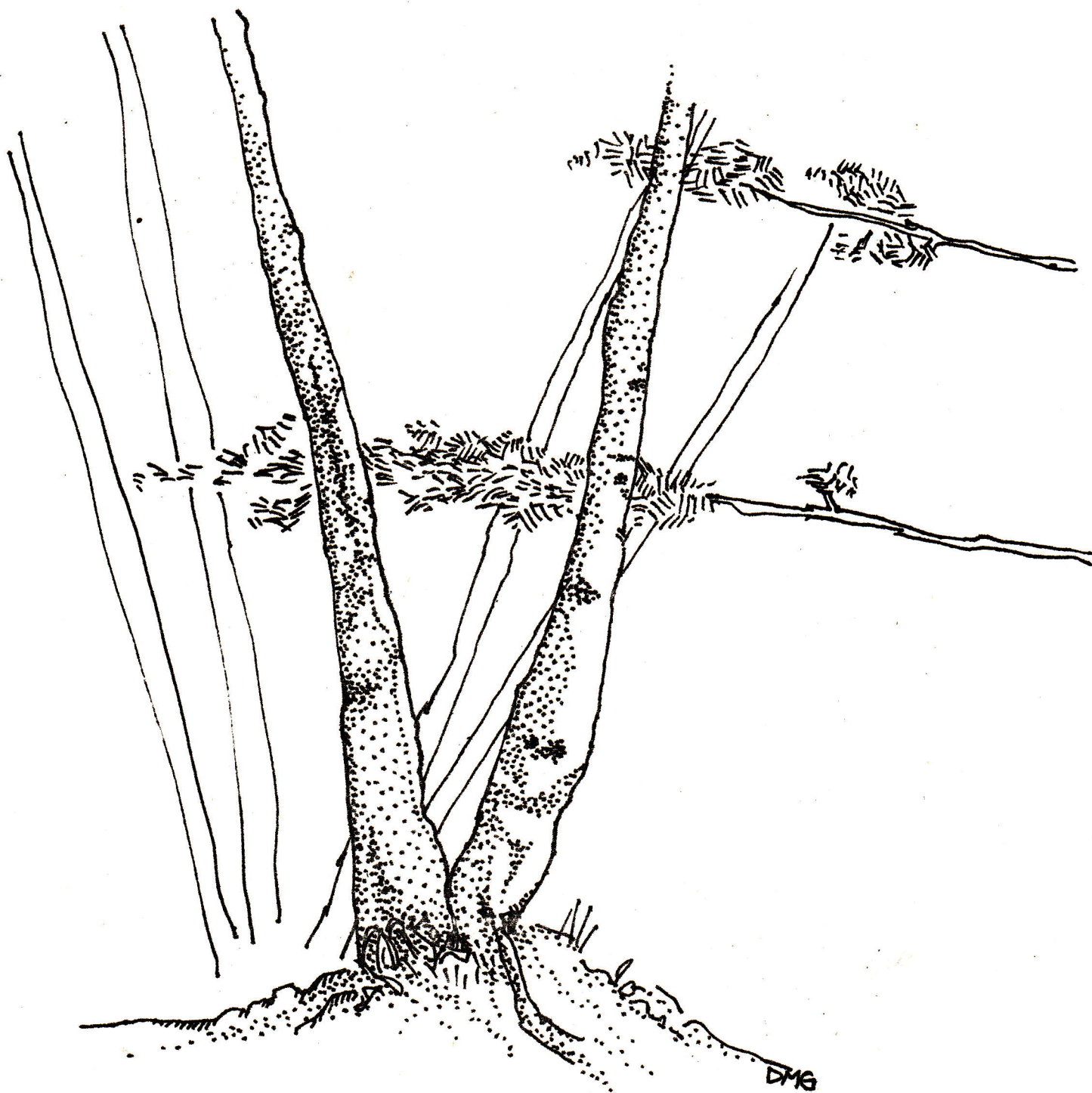
Others of us go to the waterhole for swimming or for lifesaving lessons, such as myself. Taking lifesaving at the waterfront is difficult but fun, as we are always pushed harder by Bob, Lee, or Patrick, the waterfront staff. ("Okay, very good. Now practice that hold five more times, then swim four laps.")

All in all, the waterhole is a great place to go to cool off and have fun, or just to work on a tan.



GROUP POEM I

Sandro's back was really red raw.
And Mark has said he'll only draw!
He'll probably wind up writing anyway.
Maybe he will go through with his original idea
and draw anyway.
If he doesn't go swimming today,
he will become dehydrated and turn to powder
like they did in "Star Trek."
In other words, return to the beach.
And swim in mounds of slimy seaweed,
resembling wet leaves on a tree.
Her hair needed a good brushing
and, of course, so did mine.
Everyone wears a striped bikini at the lake.
Fred wore a polka-dot bikini, though.
It was tantalizing!
So tantalizing.



The Saga of a Roll of Film

by Carol Markowitz

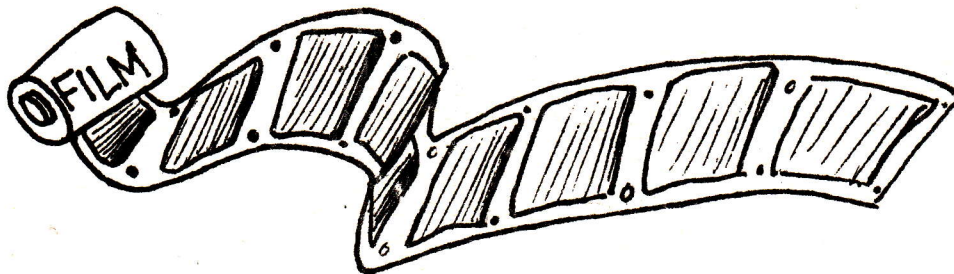
One day, a camper at Buck's Rock wanted to try his luck at taking pictures. Our hero, Herman, a beautiful roll of Plus-x film, was chosen. He was overjoyed when Gordon James pulled him out of the dark, insect-infested cabinet. However, he wasn't so happy to be given to someone who had never taken pictures before. But oh well. A roll of film's life is never easy.

The camper did fairly well at taking pictures and only left the lens cap on three times. So far, so good. The developing step was next, and if it was done wrong, all would be lost.

After being shaken around in the dark, Herman was extremely agitated. He couldn't wait to get through this process and on to better things. After being developed, stopped, fixed, and washed, he was dunked, squeezed, and hung out to dry. Oh, the agony of it all! He wasn't ruined, though, and he had the camper to thank for that.

Next, he was taken in to a room lit only by red lights. He was thrust unceremoniously into an enlarger and brought up and down. He could see a part of his body come into focus. Hmm, not bad. The light shining on him was turned off, and his body part was tested for exposure time. When the time was found, the part was printed.

After the picture of him was complete, he caught a glimpse of it. Wow, fantastic! A roll of film's life was hard, but it certainly didn't go unrewarded.



GOLAN LEVIN

CLOWN SHOP

By Doug Cohn

The clown shop of 1984 is a very special place. For the first time, the clowns of Buck's Rock have a place to call home. From clowning's origination at Buck's Rock until this year, the clowns were forced to share a crowded Rec Hall with fencing, gymnastics, and Actor's Studio classes. Upon arriving in 1984, the clowns were astonished to find the former computer shop beautifully decorated with circus memorabilia. The decorating was done by our counselor, director, and friend, Mark Renfro. Hanging in our shop was everything from alligator shoes to giant swiss cheese slices and a wonderful book of "Ghost Stories."

We had an excellent "Clown Night '84" thanks to Mark Renfro, Erica Babad-White, Elissa Leif (JC), and Peter Straus (CIT).

There is a great spirit of closeness between the clowns. We have fun during rehearsals, while performing, and even when we're just clowning around. So, look out Buck's Rock! It'll be hard to get a group of clowns to match this year's bunch!



Mari
Dourty

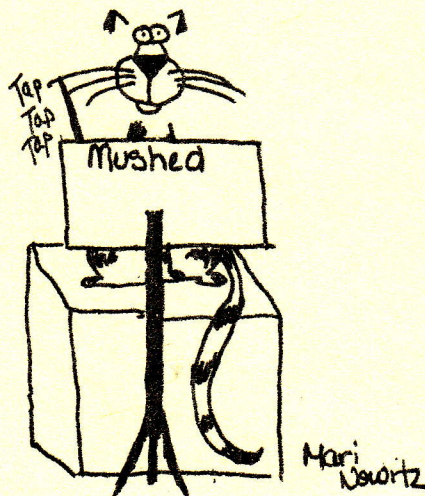
The Mushed Orchestra

by Carol Markowitz

The orchestra, run by Mike Lirtzman, is a rather interesting way to spend three mornings a week. Whether you're someone who has been playing for years or you've just begun, it's the place for you. Sometimes Mike's jokes punch the stomach rather than tickle the funny bone, but he really knows music.

The music varies from popular show tunes to deep classics. Between songs like "The Typewriter", which is good for violinists and percussionists, and "H.M.S. Pinafore", which is better for wind players, there is something for everyone. Even when you have rests, you can have fun just listening.

Mike is an excellent conductor. The only things that aren't allowed are coughing and laughing, and if you make a mistake, you risk being hit in the Adam's apple with a bench. Give him a break, though. He has to put up with stupid mistakes, broken equipment, absent music stands, and wisecracking students almost every day. That isn't even mentioning the fact that everything in the Music Shed has "MUSHED" written on it.





Jazz Chorus

by Rachel Biederman

"We're the kids from Fame!"

"No, we're the kids from the Rock!"

"DAY-ah!"

This is the sound of the fabled Jazz Chorus rehearsing. From four to five every day, we experience total musical chaos in the Mushed. Bob Rosen conducts, plays piano, and teaches us good songs like "Singing 'Cause I love You" and amusing ones like "Good Vibrations". We learn to improvise doing scat singing and sing a major sixth while there is someone blasting the melody in your left ear and Dan Seiden is getting mellow with his bass by your right ear. It's something that has to be experienced to be understood. How we manage to have such a good time is beyond me. But...

"Maybe if the kids from Fame can just sight-read this whole number, singing in three part harmony, tap-dance madly, and bring the full orchestra in on the fourth verse, we can impress the health inspector and he won't close down the school and THE SHOW WILL GO ON!!"

"The kids from the Rock, you idiot!"

Pit Orchestra

By Andrea Sklower

The pit orchestra joined with the cast of "Jesus Christ Superstar" to give a spectacular performance for all of those in the audience. Under the direction of Michael Lirtzman, the orchestra rehearsed to make the music sound flawless. Everyone involved worked hard to please themselves and those around them.

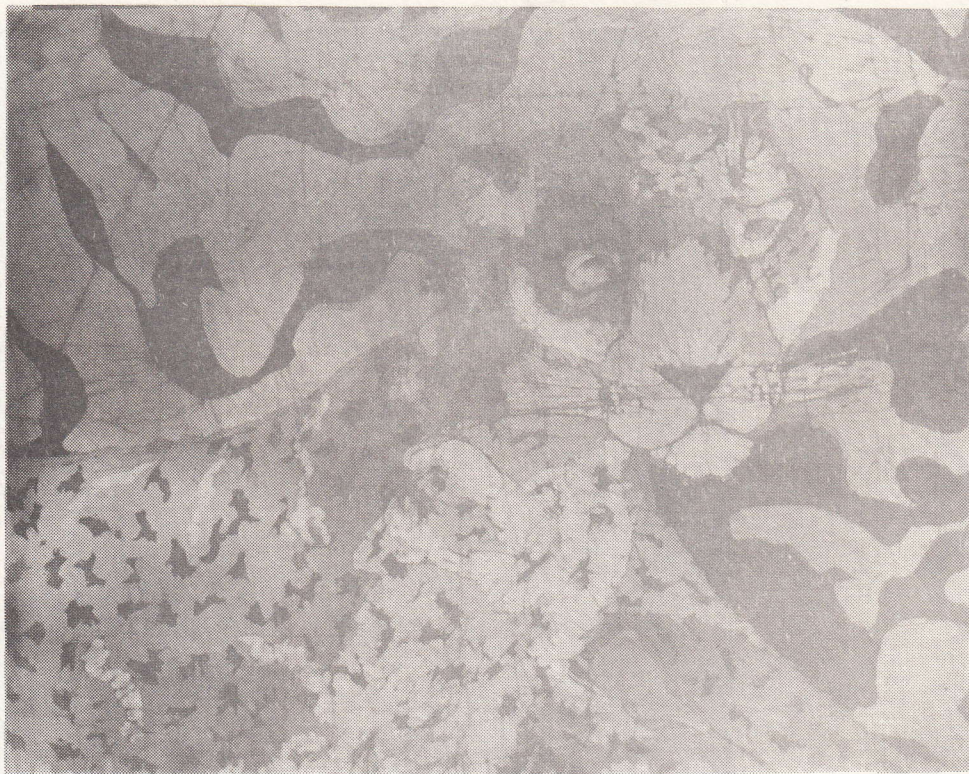
Being in the pit orchestra is a great experience for all of those involved. Aside from this, it is great to hear the applause coming from the audience when the show is done.

Old forgotten tunes float by
Way above my memory
Bits and pieces I once knew
And thought were lost for eternity
Unknown minstrels, and well-known, too
Are half-awakened in my mind
Soul-stirring strains of shimmering pieces
Are heard, and drift away
To haunt once more with dusky tones
The hallways of my mind.

Rachel C. Lapidus

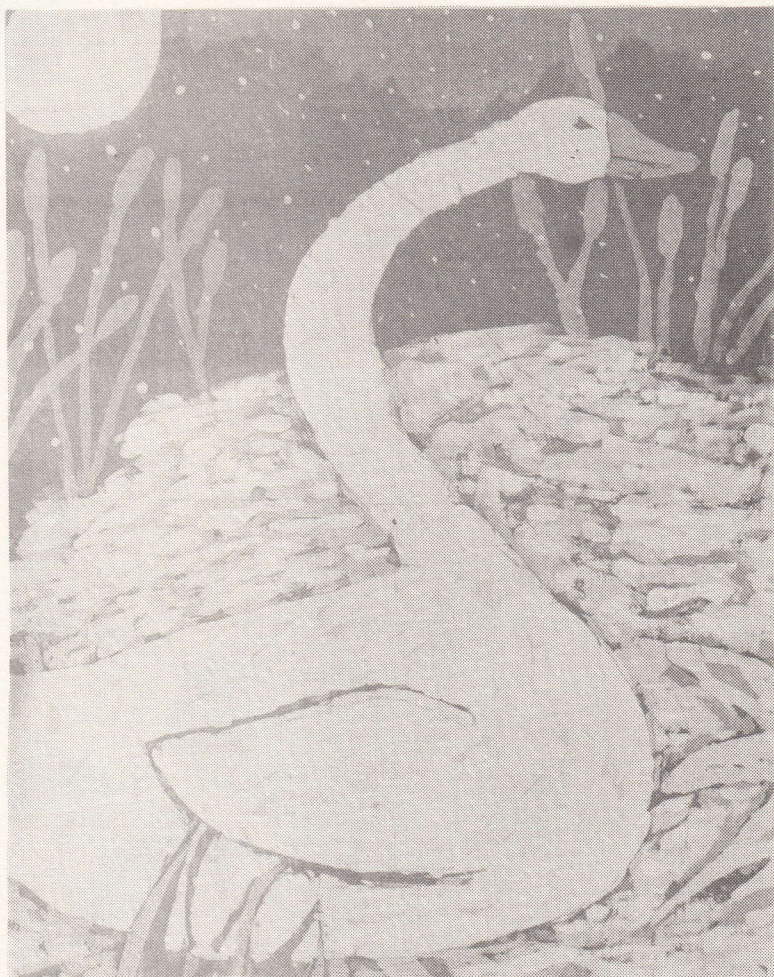
Waves of time
Ripples of past
Gently sipping at the sand
Laughter against the rocks
Shores singing to a tune
A tune of the past and present
A melody of the future
A clock that never stops

Sandro Weiss



Pam Sternfels

Batik



Sarah Jonas

Daniel Getzoff

Batik

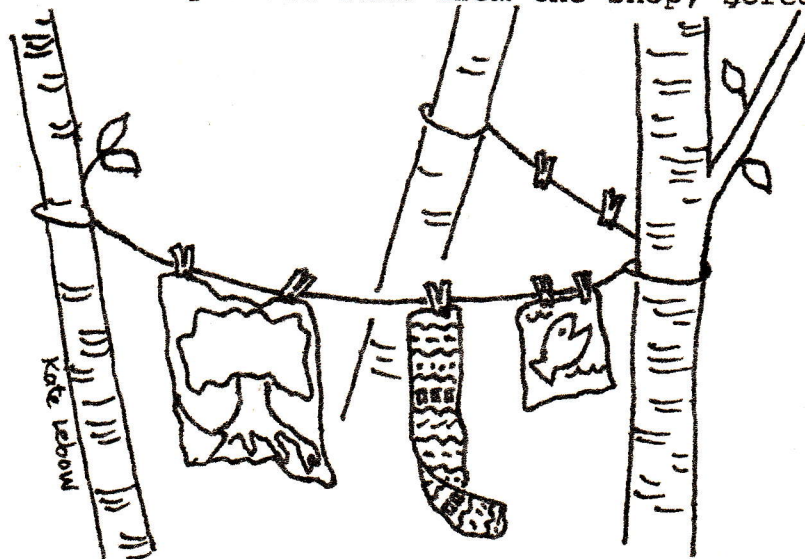


Leslie Kantor

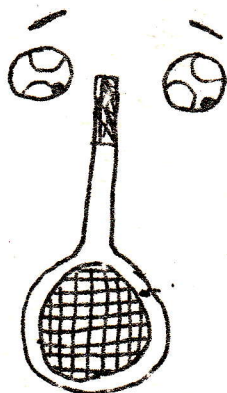
BATIK SHOP

Translated from the Original
by Ariel Kaminer

Come now as we take a closer look at the all-new and exciting adventures of Mr. Batik and the Wax-a-Lot kids. Our most fearless leader--known as the mild-mannered George Summers--each summer transforms himself into Mr. Batik, ever-ready to assist campers in their creative endeavors, while at the same time, battling the rain, Leslie Kantor's endless questions, and spilt dye. Autumn--the wonder girl--is really Barbara Pastorik in disguise. However, at the mere mention of "palm trees," this frail-looking blond runs from the shop, screaming.



The only known pacification is French-braiding her hair. Then there's Jennifer Bayes, the girl of many sweatsuits. Stand clear at 3:00 pm, because "Ol' Faithful" will be sure to let out her warning of rapidly approaching food. Many set their watches by her clear-voiced "Snaaaack!!!" While Jennifer spends many of her off-hours knitting, Jason Heyman's main ambition in life is having someone knit him a sweater. He enjoys listening to "Yaz" tapes, and he enjoys mixing dyes as much as Jennifer. Laurie Berger established the first courier service at Buck's Rock via the Art Shop and Metal. She is also responsible for "Laurie's Beauty Barn." (Kate Harper and Barbara Pastorik are regular clients of this up-and-coming beautician.) And finally, there are Emily Fishman and Amy Galland--on loan to us here for the summer from Bloomingdales. (They thought waxing had something to do with their legs.) As apprentices to the Batik trade, they enjoy all the excitement of cutting fabric, mixing dyes, framing batiks, and sleeping in on "Lazy Sundays." This, then, is the Batik Shop crowd--certainly not the most conventional crowd you'd ever hope to meet--but definitely the most interesting.



TENNIS

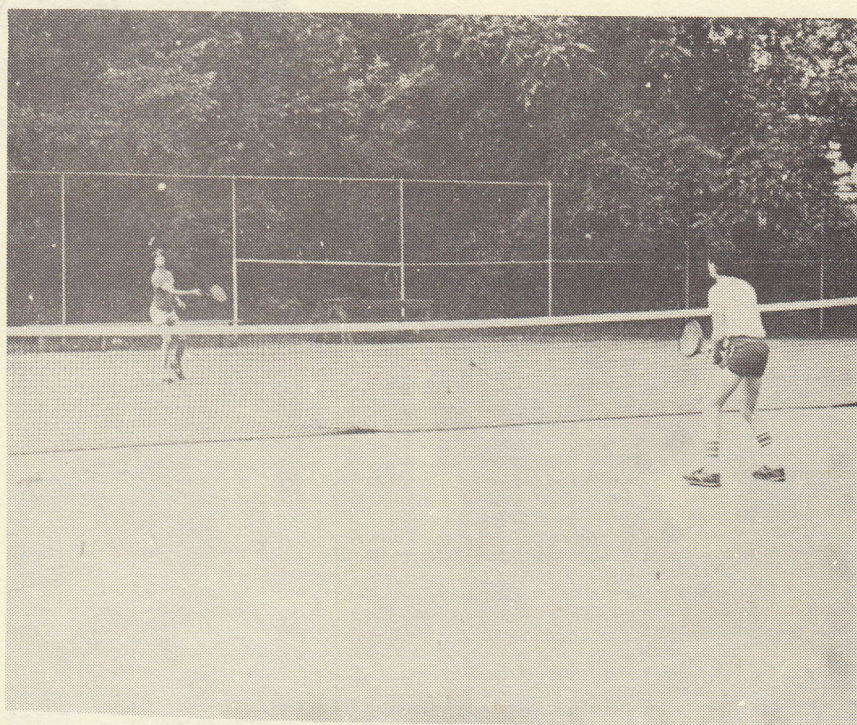
by Sam Farmer

Tennis at Buck's Rock this year was certainly a success. Interest from both boys and girls was tremendous. The tennis staff consisted of: Ciara O'Brien, Mike Zeylmans, Bob Shread, Adam Schweitzer (CIT), and Kim Zern (CIT). They have done a great job in teaching and encouraging beginners and others to improve on their tennis skills. As coaches, they have also led the tennis team to victory with their great leadership.

Many big events occurred in the tennis program this summer. One was certainly the camper-counselor tennis tournament. 60 campers and counselors participated. That amount of participants was really impressive to the tennis staff. Another event still to come is the U.S.T.A. (United States Tennis Association) awards testing program for all levels. If you pass one level, you receive a patch to certify your accomplishment at that level.

The big feature of the tennis program this year was the tennis ladder. There was one for the boys and one for the girls. To be on the ladder, one would go to the tryouts and the instructor would roughly determine your position. To improve your position, you challenged someone above you, or someone below you challenged you. If you were high enough, you would be asked to compete on the team for an upcoming match or tournament. The people on the team always varied due to the amount of players on the opposite team, or due to the fact that someone not originally on the team, challenged someone on the team, and won. Currently, the team has a 1-0 record. Alison Lieberman reached the finals in one tournament during the first month of the summer, and Jason Komito and Nowell Chernick were runner-up doubles team in the Camp Kermont tournament during the second half of the summer. The team has shown that Buck's Rock is a competitive camp and that it possesses great, experienced players.

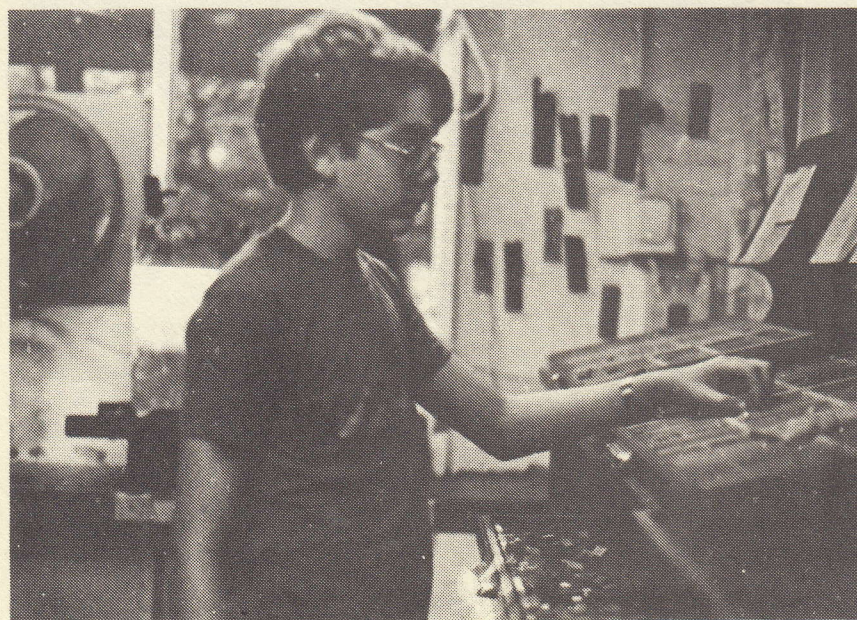
The participation in the tennis program this summer was much higher than expected. Many more boys and girls, young and old have shown more interest than in past years. This participation keeps the tennis program up on its feet. At the tennis courts, you have lots of fun, you meet nice people, and you learn something new. Hope to see you there next year.



Photos by Brian Gross



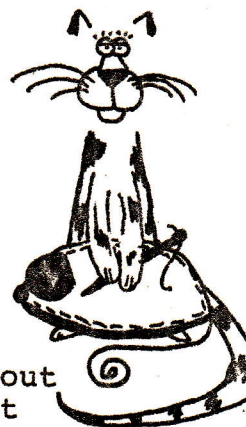
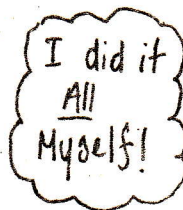
George Summers, Susan
Steinthal, Gail Mellman,
Deborah Levine and
Melissa Ram at Batik.
Photos by Brian Gross



Seth Koplin sorting type. Photo by Todd
Katzner



David Berne



Sewing

by Nancy Furman

Stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch. What's so unusual about the Sewing Shop? There aren't only ordinary stitches, but a whole variety of stitches. The basting stitch holds material together loosely, similiar to the looseness of style and freedom to create in the shop. There is also the stretch stitch which holds material tightly and strongly, like the tightness of relationships between the campers and counselors, not to mention the hand stitch which shows care and pride in ones work. And we should never forget the zig zag stitch which adds excitement to all that is done.

CERAMICS

by Josh Draper

Once upon a time, in a place called the Ceramics Shop, there were not three bears, but seven. A papa bear named Paul, a mama bear named Lucy, and a baby bear named Amy. There were also two happy-go-lucky junior bears named Jim and Eddie, and even faithful bears-in-training named Kim and Steve.

Well, as it happened, the papa bear said, "Hey, group, let's go out for a while and let our porcelain harden so we can use it later." Everybody agreed. So they all went out the door, but the two junior bears split to go buy some honey.

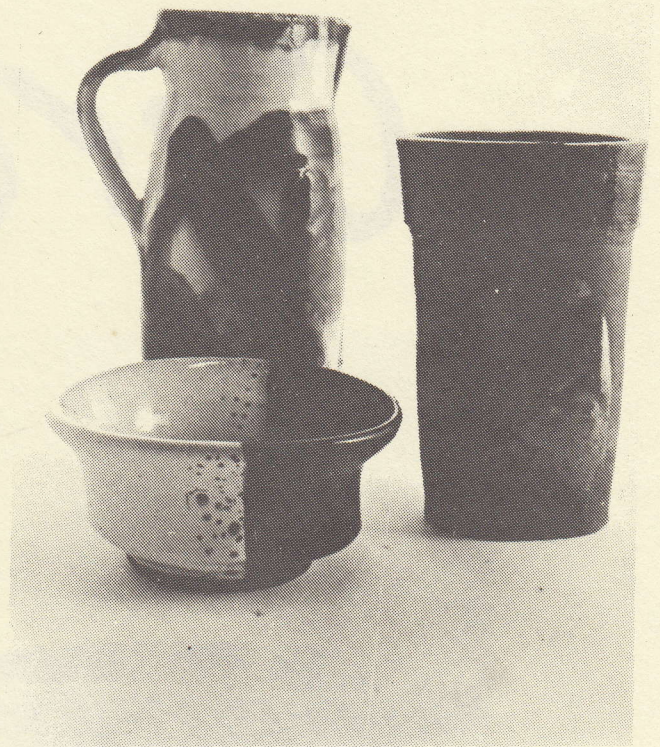
While the bears were out an inexperienced potter named Goldy Pots came in and saw the porcelain. "O boy, white clay," she said. Goldy Pots proceeded to set up her tools and wheel: a rib, pintool, a sponge and a bucket of water. She amazingly got the clay centered. The clay seemed to feel like skin, but Goldy was so bad that it started to feel like acne. Little did Goldy Pots know that the bears were on their way back, so when the bears came in they were ready to kill her for what she had done to their porcelain. However, Paul, the papa bear kept his head and tried to save the pot, but Goldy Pots being obnoxious said, "Hey, you're getting fur in my clay." This blew Paul's stack. But just about when Paul was going to make Goldy Pots into his next meal, the two young junior bears came in and said, "Hey, dad, we got the honey, let's party." So instead of eating Goldy, they all ate the honey. That's the way it goes at the weird and wonderful pot shop.

Jill Rosenberg
Jenny Pollock



Josh Draper
Julian Edwards

Ceramics



Steven Pudell
Dan Herzberg



Jackie Jacobson
Leela Corman



Ceramics



Andy Fredrick • Jason Goldberg • Kell Simon



Shirin Kazemi, Photo by James Levine



Josh Draper, Photo by
Carol Markowitz



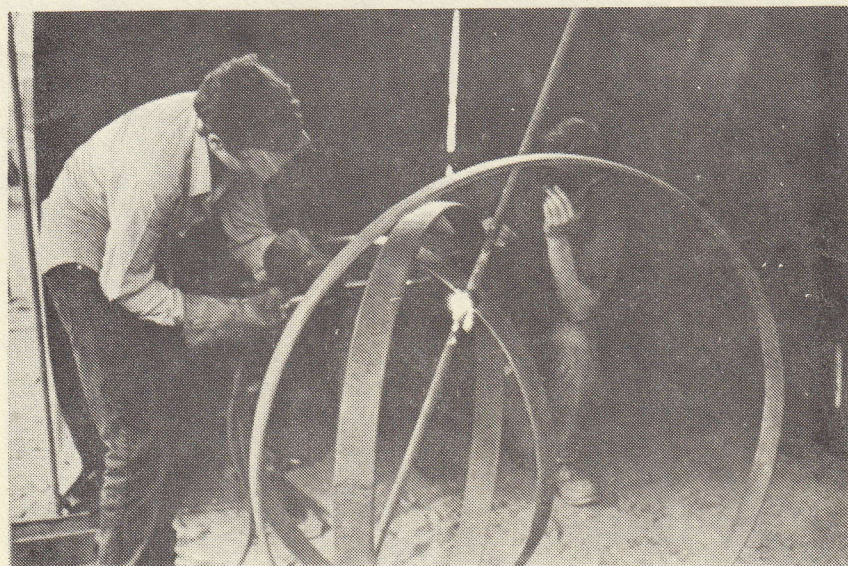
Josh Draper throwing at the wheel.

Photo by Brian Gross

Anne Dunn and Anna Tessler
at the Sewing Shop.



Jennifer Gilison and Melanie
Ram on the Starship Silkscreen.

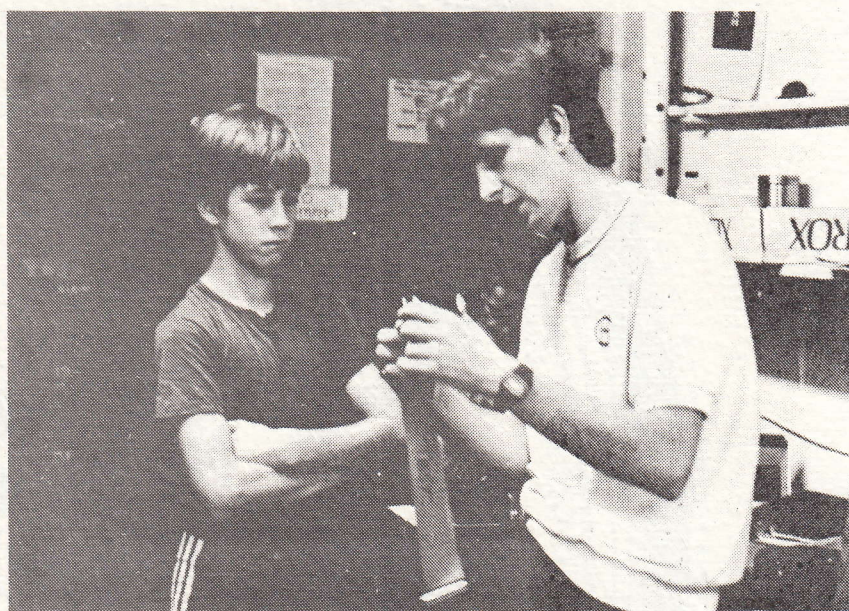


Peter Straus welding.

Photos by Brian Gross



Christel Schepers at the
Photo Lab. Staff Photo



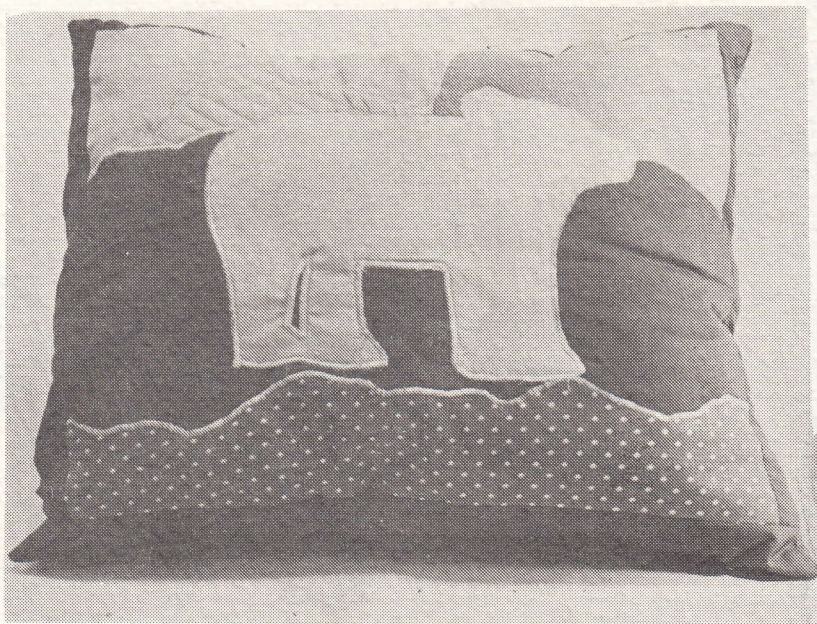
Barry Frenière and Gordon
James. Photo by Brian Gross



Elissa Leif doing the wash.

Photo by Brian Gross





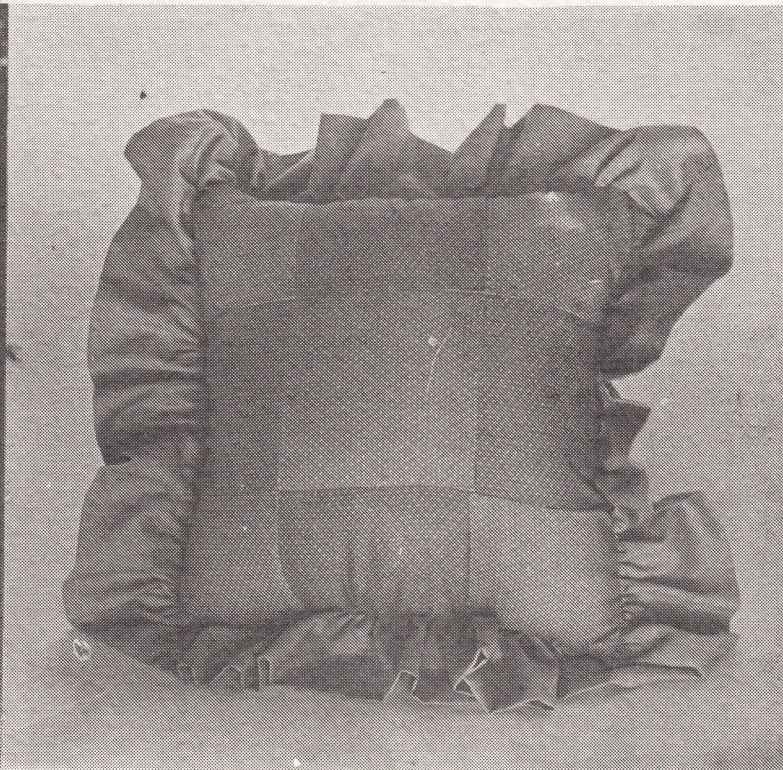
Samantha Hack

Lesley Kurtz

Hope Fruchtman



Chris McCully





Rani Herrington

Sewing

Costume Design by
Janet Gross
Modeled by
▼ Monica Variano

Kathy Fradkin



THE BUCK'S ROCK CONCERT

jazz-84 BAND

Rob Wetstone

Just what kind of jazz band exists at Buck's Rock? The answer makes itself quite clear once one witnesses the Buck's Rock Jazz Band doing what they do best--laying down some funky jazz tunes. Of course, in order to have a hip band, you need a hip director, and who else but Bob 'the man' Rosen fits this description. The charts range from pop to Latin to bebop, a hip selection to fit the needs of a hip band.

The hour rehearsals are anything but dull and full of excuses. Comments, jokes, and odd anecdotes are supplied by Bob. The band rips through several songs, providing improvising space for anybody who wants to try. They finally finish and Bob smoothly explains the definition of *dynam*ics. Once more they start, putting to use their new vocabulary word. With everyone putting in his or her best, this hip band finally puts together a masterpiece, ready for the next Buck's Rock Jazz Night.

With names such as Casio Mike, Sam I Am, Madbone, Sideman, and Fargo, and with the intense playing of every musician, how can even Lawrence Welk not be jealous?

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

By Rachel Biederman

"I'm WHAT?"

"You're Judas."

"Oh...." I found trouble formulating anything but incoherent gurgles of joy for a minute. Instead of leaving me in limbo between the end of callbacks for JC's and the time the cast list went up, Michael Lirtzman kindly told me what I had been cast as. When I had finished walking around in my happy stupor (it lasted for a few days) I started learning my numbers. Jesus Christ Superstar is not really a musical, but a rock opera, since it is entirely singing; there are very few spoken words. That meant that everyone had a huge amount of music to learn before anything could happen. But the cast was terrific about learning the music from the start. We learned most of the show in the first week and a half. In spite of some casting changes, the principals learned most of their music fairly quickly, too, so we began blocking the numbers.

One of the things I like most about Jesus Christ Superstar is the fact that everyone is putting in their ideas. For instance, the number "This Jesus Must Die" was totally revamped by cast members, although the initial blocking was all done by Michael Lirtzman. Right now, we're just beginning to put it all together, and already you can see the characters starting to come to life. By opening night, we should be ready to perform "The Last Seven Days in the Life of Jesus Christ."

CHORUS

By Rachel Biederman

"LISTEN, you bananaheads!"

The hour from 1 to 2 o'clock (every day but Wednesday) is Chorus rehearsal in the Music Shed. The aforementioned "bananaheads" are the much-maligned chorus members, and the director of the Chorus is Michael Lirtzman. This year we have learned songs ranging from show tunes like "The Rhythm of Life" to classical pieces, such as "Psalm 146," and gospel like "Soon Ah Will Be Done." This is not to say we work so hard that we don't have fun. Not so. But any excessively noisy members are threatened with "Stop that or your teeth will be smiling at you from the floor!" So we are reasonably good, and we keep our beloved conductor happy.

THE **PRINT** SHOP

by Seth Koplin

I think the Print Shop is the best shop of them all because the counselors, Gail, Ian, Doug, and Veronica, are the nicest people.

This shop gives you the opportunity to put your ideas onto pads, business cards, and stationery.

Printing is a lot of fun. Even cleaning up is fun. So are setting type, putting it into a chase, and putting on the ink.

In Print Shop, you can make things for yourself and others. You can make pads for your Granny or cousin. You can make business cards for Dad or Mom, stationery for your friends. You can go to another shop, like Art, make a design on paper, and print it in Print Shop.

The Print Shop is really fun.

THE WORDS OF THE INCREDIBLE,
ALL-SEEING

JON

FORMER WIZARD OF OZ

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POW

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SHUTTLE

QUEEN

Gotta **DOCTOR** **this down**

Oreo Cookie Corey

Tennis Anyone?

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The Bookworm

GLASS

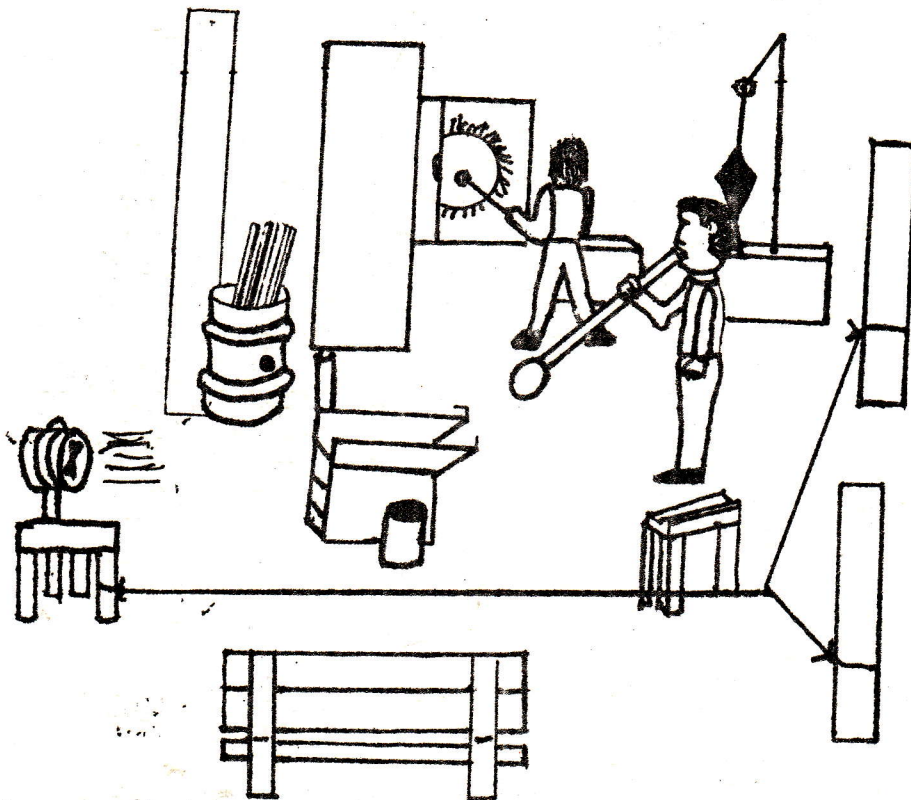
By Robbie Tewlow

"The Temple Of Doom"

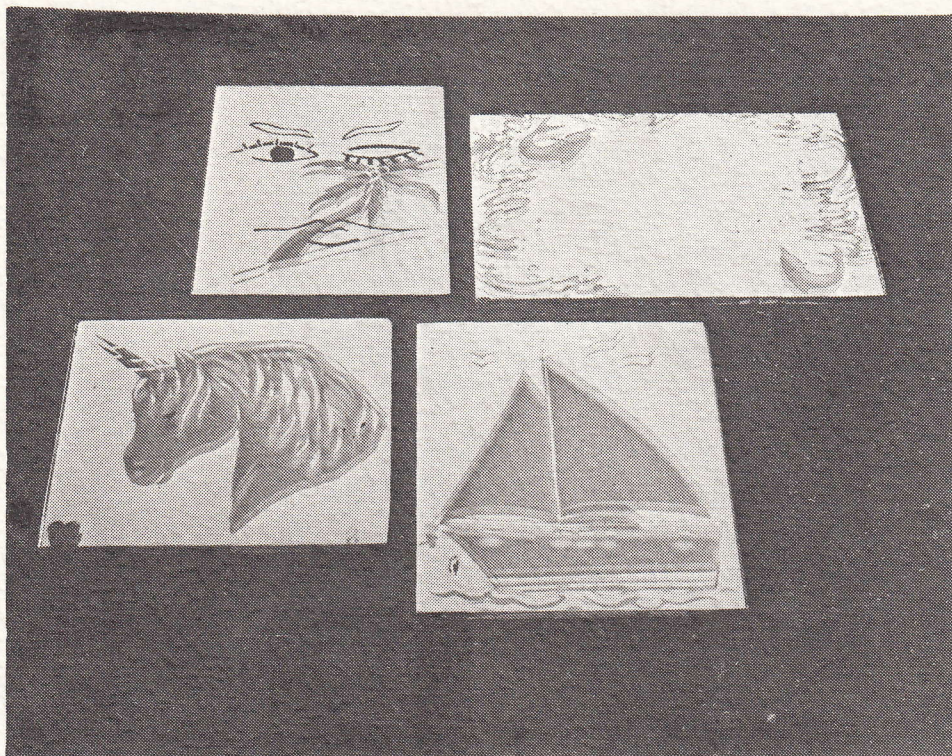
This year the Glass Shop had a new staff, new enthusiasm, and a new image. One of our goals was to kidnap all the kids who hang out, enslave them, remove their hearts, and ultimately have them meet their maker in the belly of the almighty furnace.

There were brave campers who dared to work with the furnace. Hopefully, they learned the skills needed in order to make a piece. Things were hard in the beginning because this is an art of patience as well as sweat. One had to learn from his or her mistakes, and try again, and eventually create a vessel after long hard work and training.

There were those who dared to work with cold glass, creating a drawing, and etching it with the all-powerful sandblaster, or maybe even daring to create glass sculptures. Yes, those were the special moments under the guidance of the high priests: Michael, Jeff, George, P.J., Rob, Todd, Kenny, Aliza, Steve and Dan. This was a unique summer.



Tom Beattie



Clockwise from upper
Left:

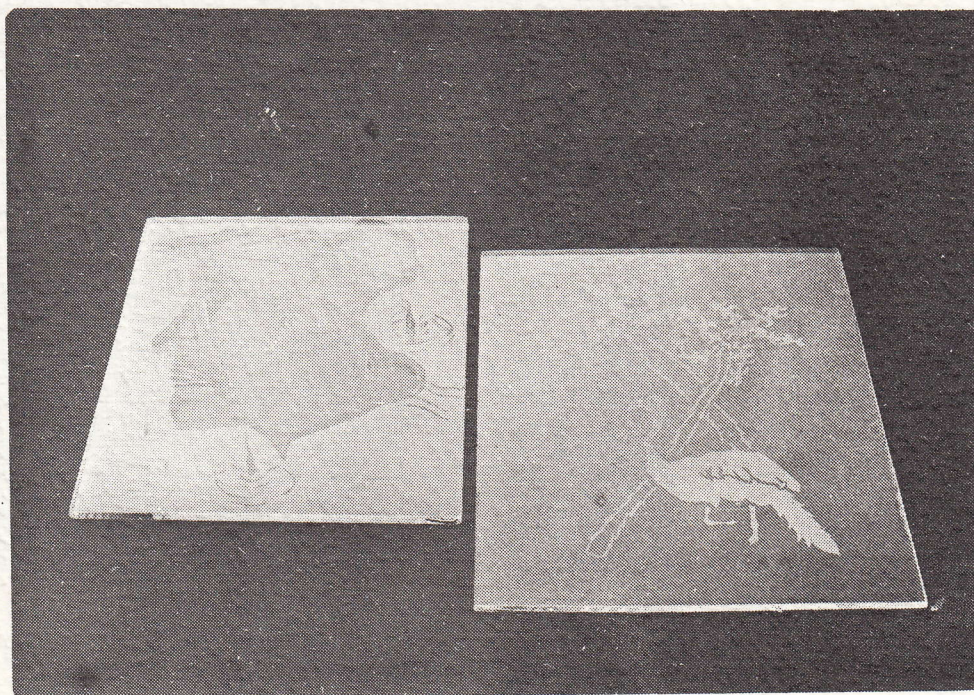
Daniella Lednicer

Haley Werner

Rebecca Berman

Andrea Sklower

Glass Etching



Right:

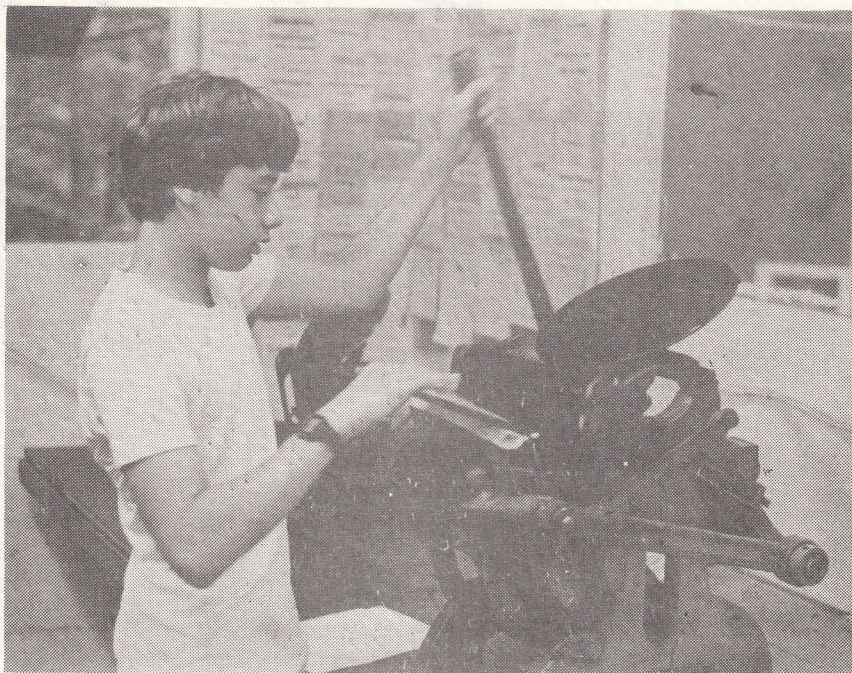
Jessica Auspitz

Pamela Sternfels

Left.



B. Alexander Kolba and Ellyn Blau doing a run. Photo by Brian Gross



Brian Goldberg printing.

Staff Photo

LSD

by the LSD Crew

"House lights up! Preset up!" The stage manager prepares the technicians. "Places, please!" and the company is ready for performance.

The final dress rehearsal the night before was not so organized, however; that rehearsal was much more chaotic. The dialogue usually sounds more like:

"Where's Brenda?"

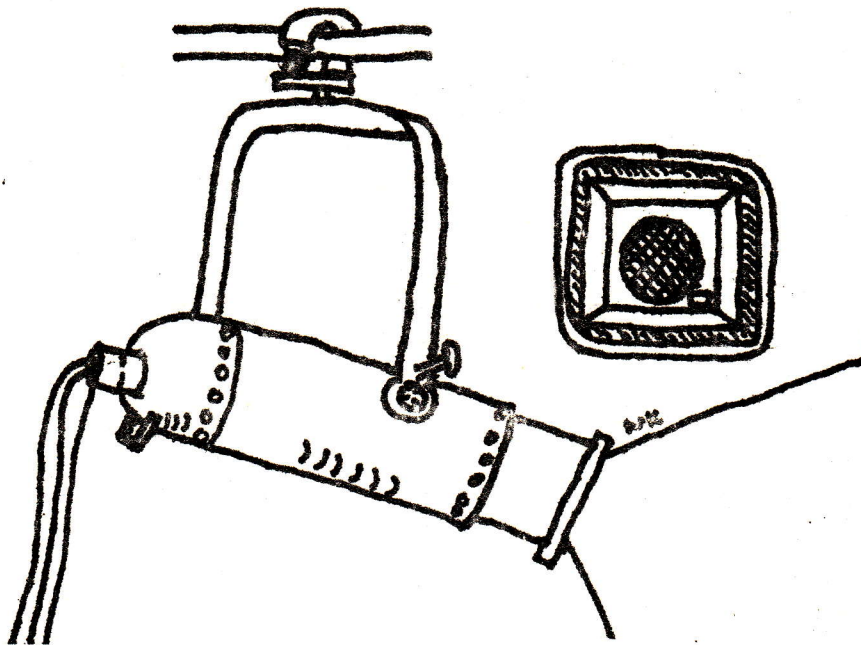
"Have you seen Rudy?"

"We blew another lamp!"

"The amp shut down!"

"Quiet backstage!!"

"Let's get this rehearsal going so we can get some sleep tonight!"



In spite of all the confusion, the cast and crew pull together to produce a production of professional quality. Fun and hard work come together to provide a full summer for all.



Carrie Zaslow at Metal.

Photo by James Levine



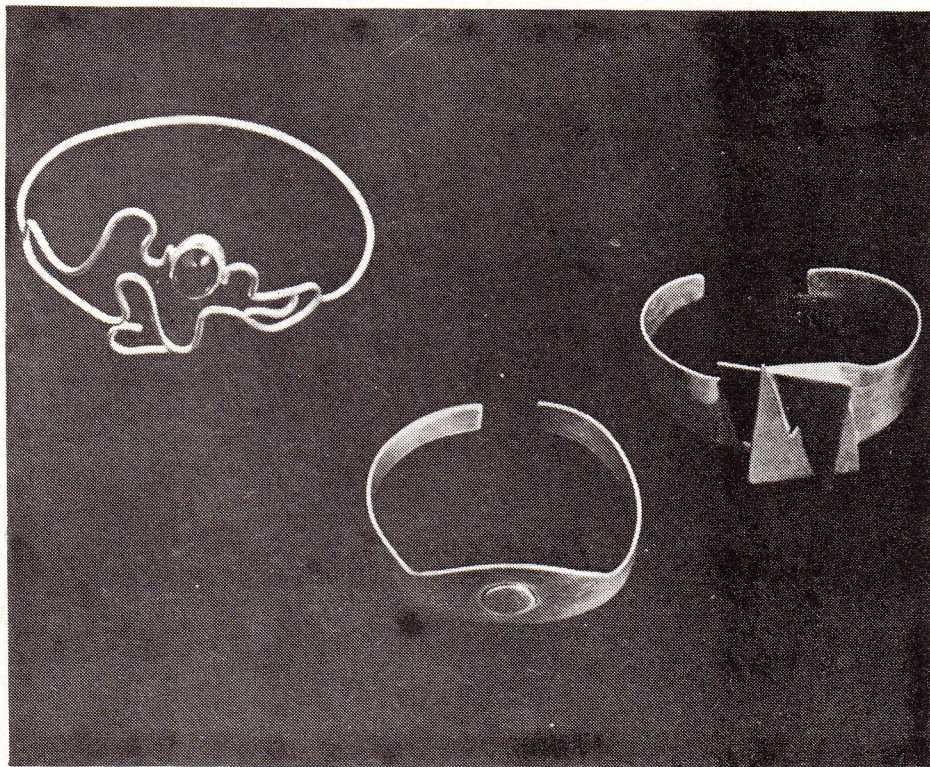
Jay Golland at Sculpture.

Staff Photo

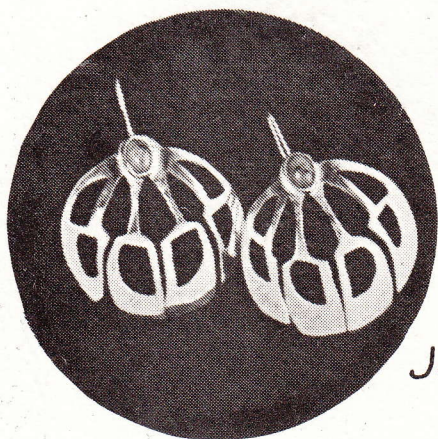


Suzie Scheer and Beth Gerstein.

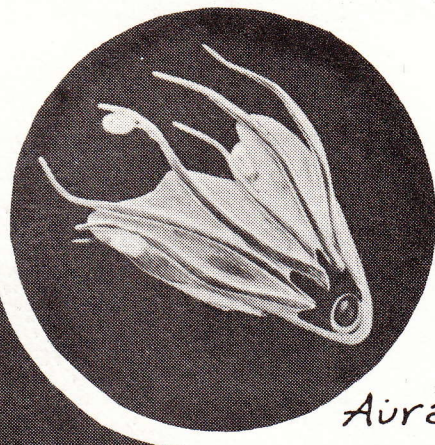
Staff Photo



Sarah Koplin • Allisa Quart • Jennie Taub



Julie Levine

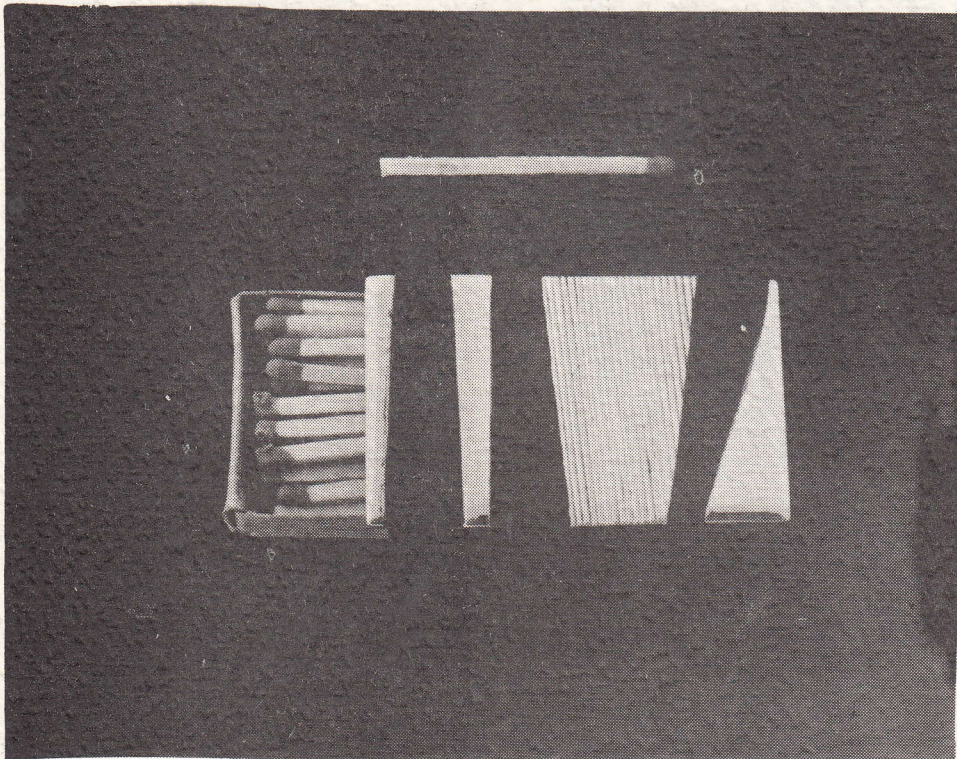


Aura Winarick

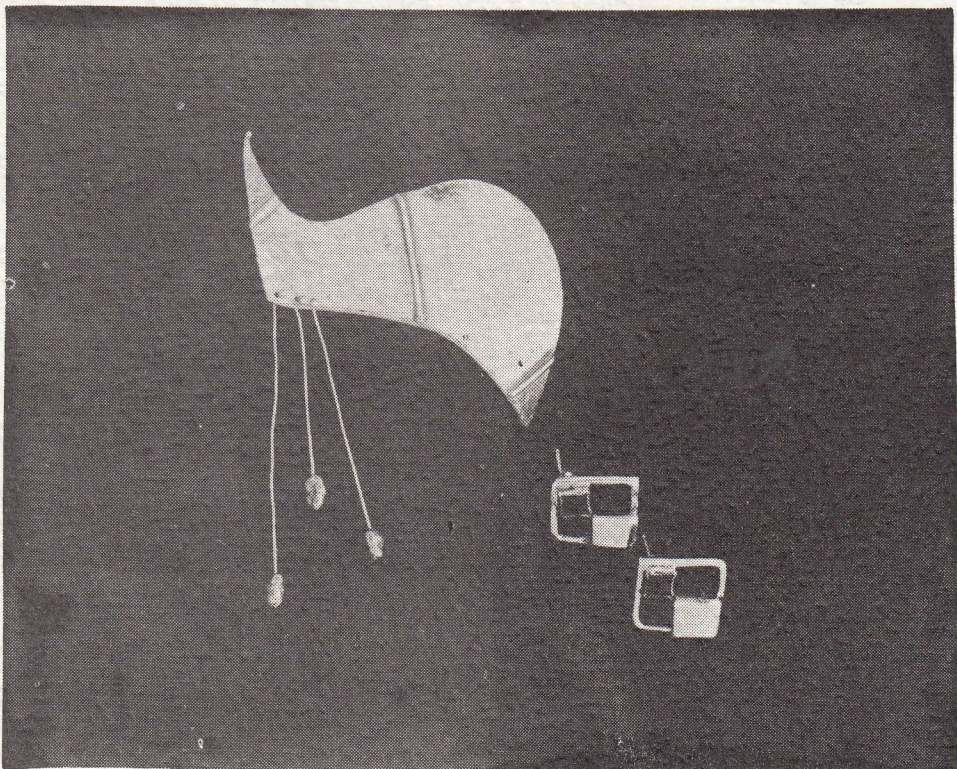


Johanna Carr • Suzanne Sheer • Keke Pellegrin

Jewelry



Nancy Hirsch

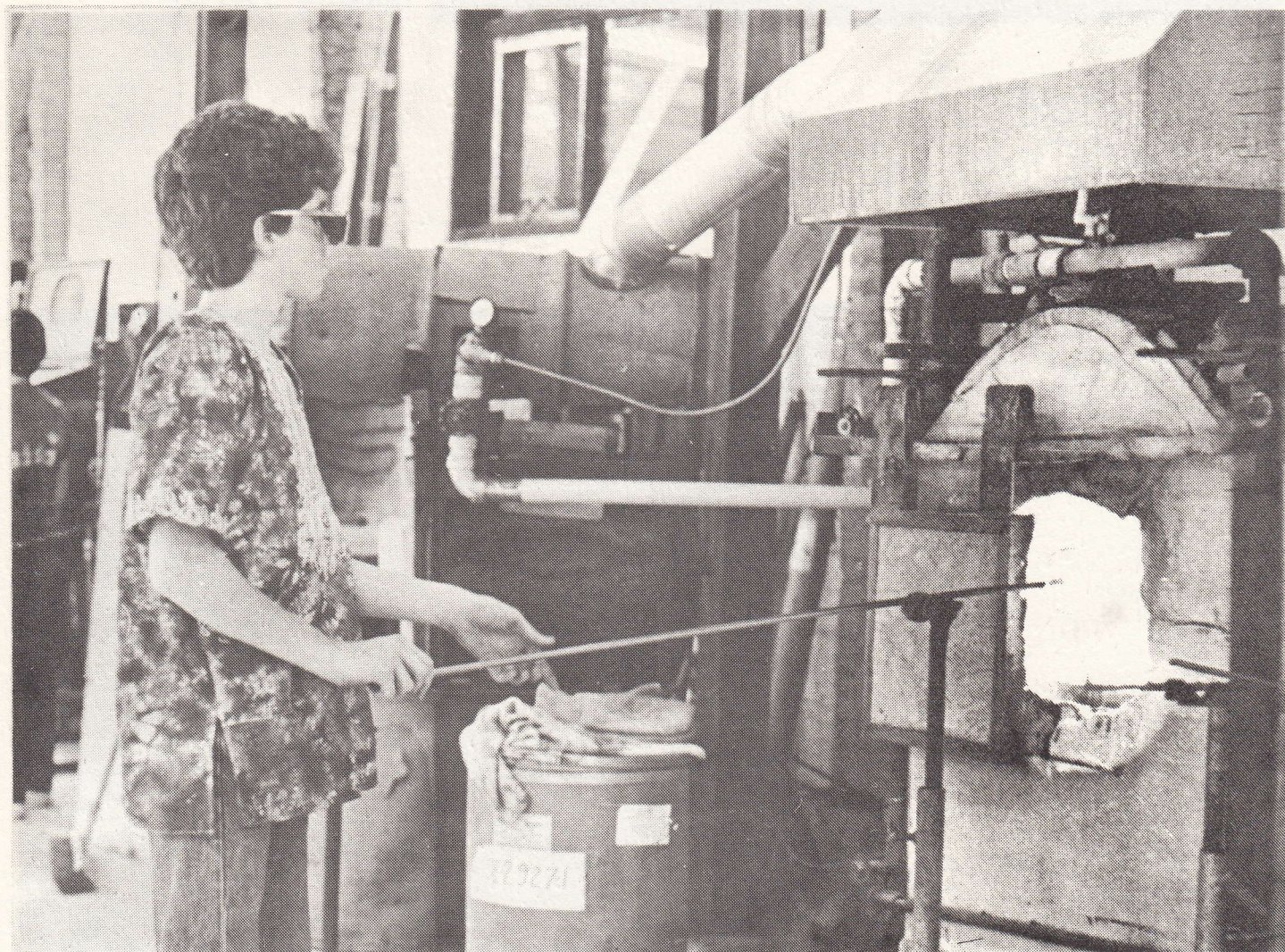


Carrie Zaglow • Sandy Grossman



Robbie Tewlow at glass.

Photo by Todd Katzman



Daniel Herzberg firing a glass bowl.

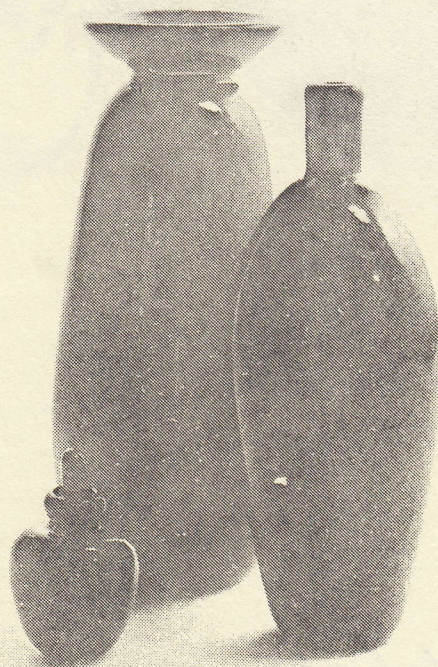
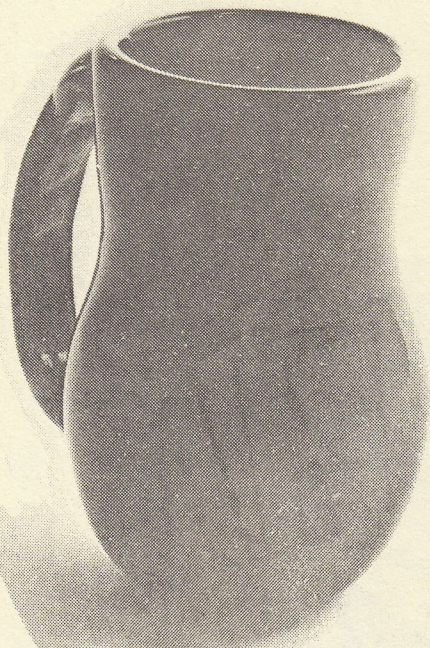
Photo by Brian Gross



Glass pitcher and bowl by Greg Baron • Glass pieces by Todd Sager

Glass

Glass Mug by Robbie Tewlow Glass pieces by Kenny Peyton



Left to Right:
 Todd Katzner
 Dan Herzberg
 Steve Angelson

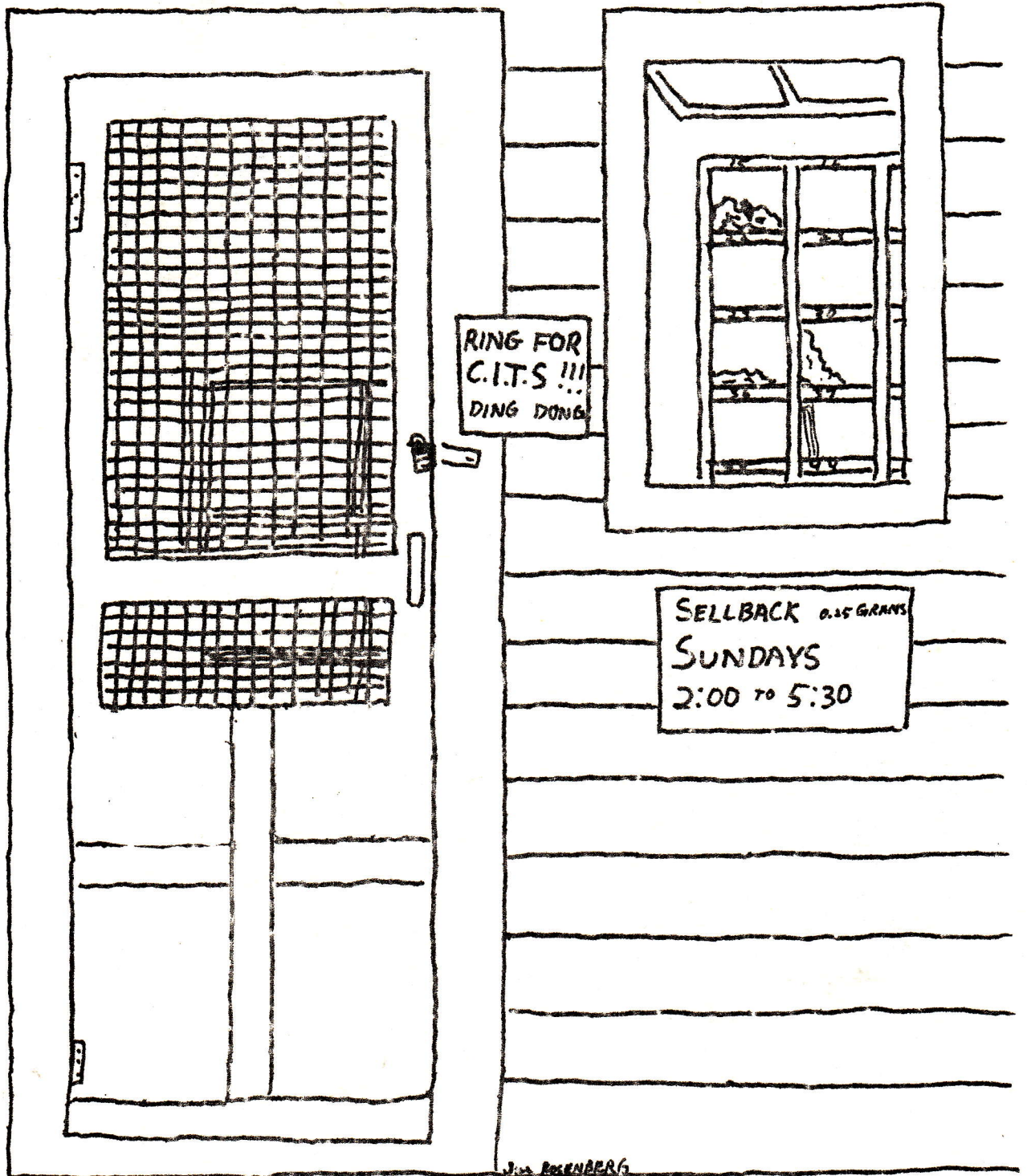


Glass

Left to Right:
 Dan Herzberg
 Aliza Lirtzman
 Dan Herzberg



Left to Right:
 Todd Katzner & Dan Herzberg



RING FOR
C.I.T.S !!!
DING DONG

SELLBACK 0.15 GRAMS
SUNDAYS
2:00 TO 5:30

J. ROSENBERG

SCIENCE STARTS ANEW

by Sharon Shafer

"Your hands are warm and heavy. They are so warm and heavy that they feel as if they could sink into the table..." So begins biofeedback, one of the main attractions of the Science Lab this year. This summer, the Science Lab acquired two biofeedback machines, which measure galvanic skin responses. To do this, two electrodes are taped onto your fingers.

It all depends on how nervous you are. The more nervous you are, the more you sweat. The more you sweat, the more salt is on your fingertips. The more salt on your fingers, the more electricity will pass through. The tenser you are, the more sweat on your fingers, and the more electricity will pass through you. When you relax, less electricity can pass through you.

What biofeedback hopes to accomplish is for a person to be able to have enough control over his own body to prevent tension in stressful situations. It teaches you how to relax bit by bit, and not all at once. In fact, one of the most important things that you learn is that if you try to relax everything at once, you will just become more tense because of the concentration required.

Science Lab is also working to condition Nicodemus, the white rat. It is trying to compare Nikki's reactions to buzzers to human reactions to gongs, bells, and alarms. Nikki has been taught to respond a certain way when a buzzer sounds, just as we have. Mandy Smith and Howard Strickler, the science counselors, have made a short film which points out the similarities in conditioned responses between us and Nikki.

That's not all Science does, though. This year, Science, which deals with all types of sciences, has made a nature trail, has taken trips to the Indian Archeological Institute, and has set campers "stargazing," as well as conducted many, many experiments.



POSES

by Rachel C. Lapidus

Thoughts flow through my mind
--Words without a sound--
Some I banish forever
Some reappear in unfamiliar poses
Echoing my soul
And teaching me to live.

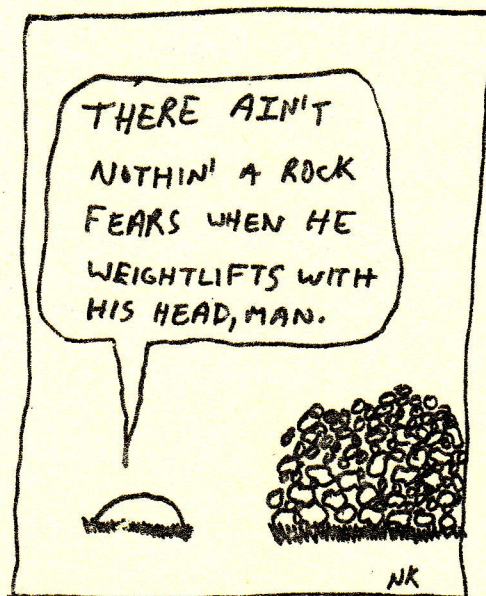
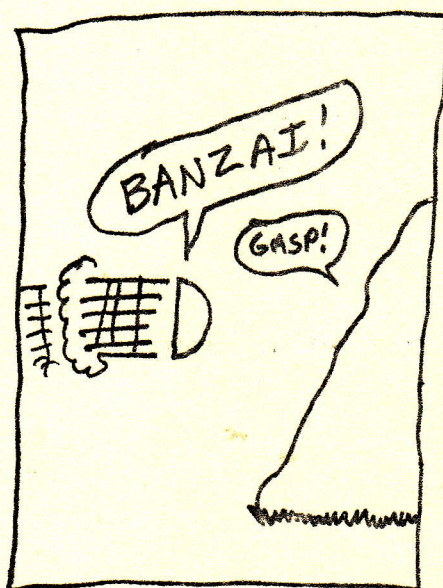
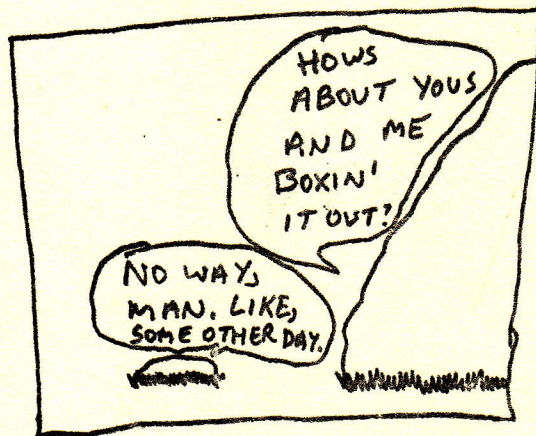
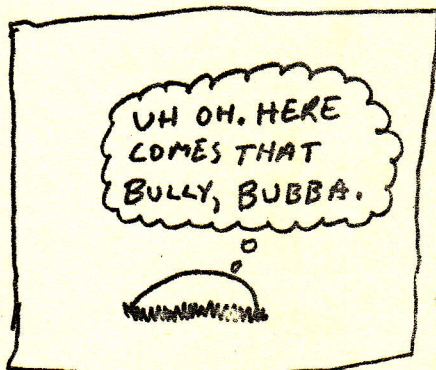
"LATE AFTERNOON"

by Kate Lebow

Liquid sunlight drips down a hillside
And paves the glistening grass
Like shards of glass,
A lake's uneven surface glints gold.
Leaves absorb and trap the light
Then form a pattern of their own,
A shadowplay in the trees and on the
ground.
The sun is not visible in the sky but
it is present:
Coursing through the trunks of trees,
Dispersed in the hazy air,
And pooled in inundated valleys.
If anything it is closer now than at any
other hour.

HIP ROCK

by Nicky Kaufmann



THE SKINNER BOX

from Nikki's point of view

by Bobby Newman

Hello, I'm Nikki, the rat from Science. Let me tell you what they do to me there.

When they first brought me here, I couldn't believe it. I had been told that I was going on vacation; I didn't expect to be placed in a little cage and a guy named Howie talking to me as if I were his best friend. It took me almost a week before I realized that I was destined to stay.

After I finally adjusted, they stopped feeding for a day. Then they rudely moved me into a small wooden box and looked at me as if I was supposed to do something. After wandering around, I realized that they were too lazy to press a bar, so they wanted me to do it for them; in return, I would be fed.

At first, I didn't want to give in to this childish game, but hunger soon got the best of me, and I barpressed. As if that wasn't enough; now they ring an obnoxious bell every other minute and expect me to barpress only during the bell. Of course, I again did not want to give in, but when you're starving, you'll do almost anything.

Now that I've proved to them that I understand, what do they do? They bought another rat! You just can't win. I'm really offended now. One day, I'll put all of them in The Box.



WEAVING

by Laurin Grollman and Moira McClintock

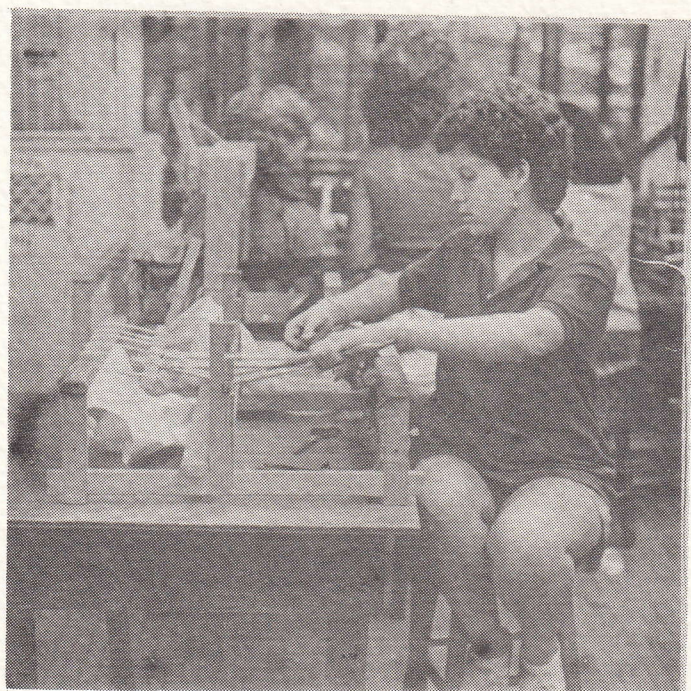
Once upon a time, in a shop upon a hill, there were four little people. Two of them, Jenny and Anna, were British, and no one knew what they were saying. To add to the confusion, there were also two Nancys. Then, three beautiful CIT's came up to the shop to teach them how to weave. These brilliant, wonderful people were Jeanne, Moira, and Laurin. They added the needed talent to the staff, and the summer was soon underway.

Hordes of campers flocked to the Weaving Shop. There was never a free moment. Hundreds of Buck's Rockers just had to discover the difference between warp and weft. As the counselors sat back and watched, the CIT's worked diligently, helping campers warp their looms, choose colors, and do other exciting tasks a weaver must master.

But, alas, one day, everything went haywire: Jenny got a toothache, the yarn supply was low, and, worst of all, there was no more popcorn. Due to lack of popcorn, the campers disappeared. Everyone was distressed. The counselors and the CIT's sat quietly, listening to Simon and Garfunkel, and enjoying the view.

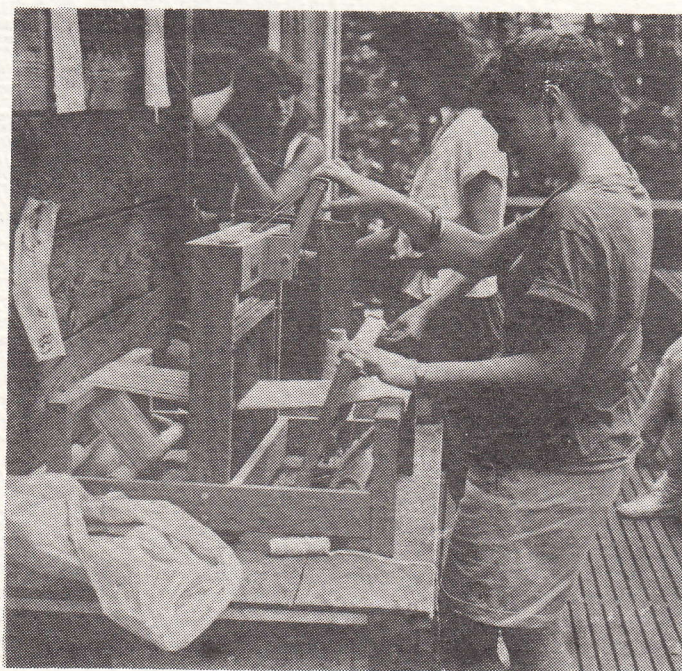
Then, one day, Jenny's tooth got better, a new shipment of yarn arrived, and Laurin bought some popcorn. There was now incentive to weave, and all the campers returned to their looms. Life at the Weaving Shop was perfect, and everyone lived happily ever after.





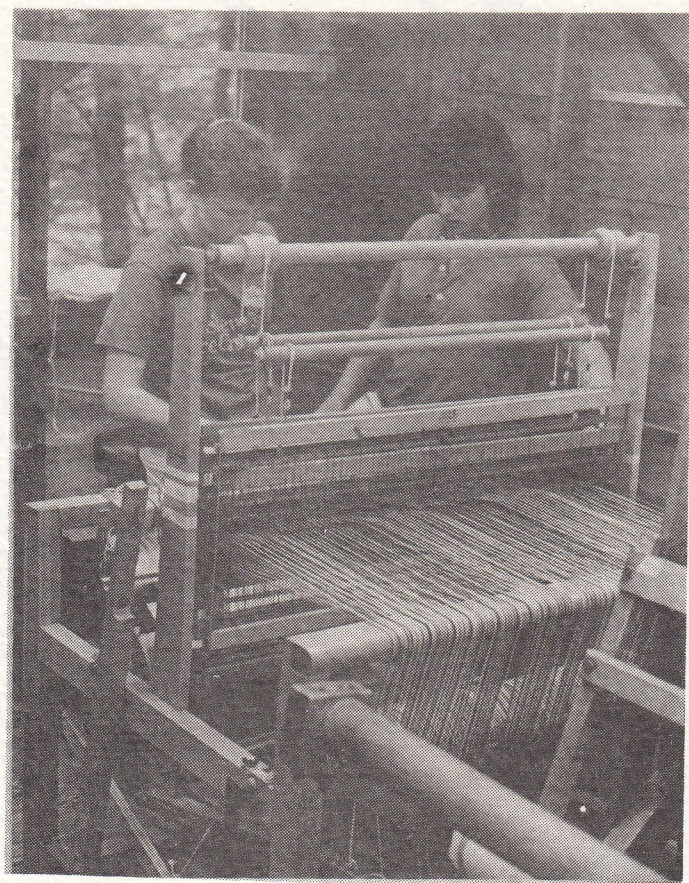
Rachel Radway

Staff Photo



Laurin Grollman weaving.

Photo by Brian Gross



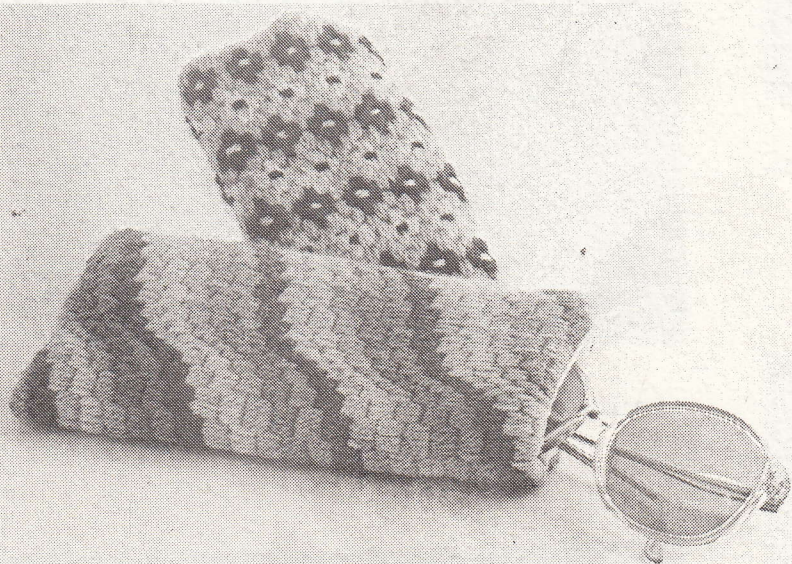
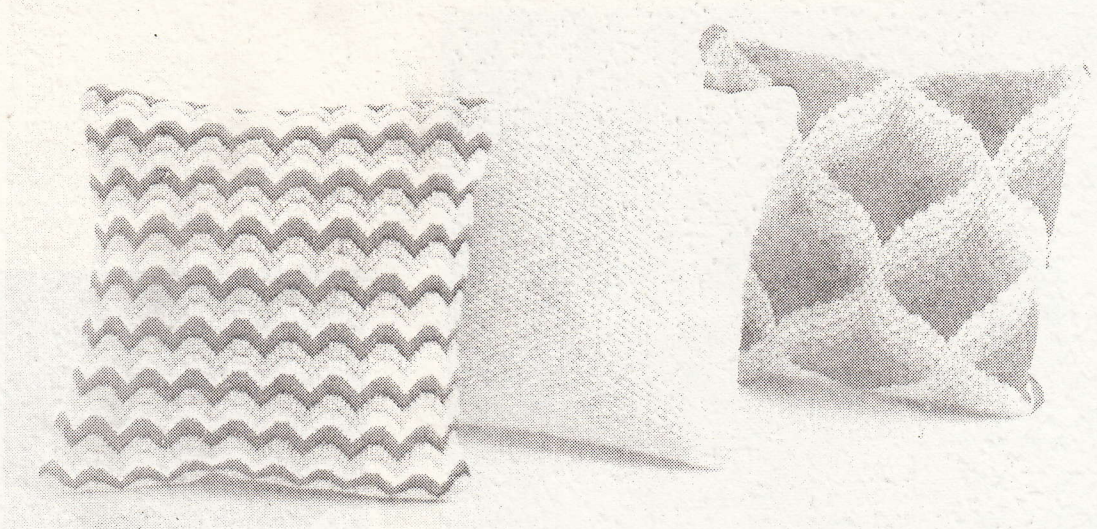
Laurin Grollman and Allison Bender

Staff Photo



Deirdre Silver and Jeanne Messing
at the loom. Photo by Brian Gross

Left to Right:
Rachel Radway
Janet Gross
Danielle Adler

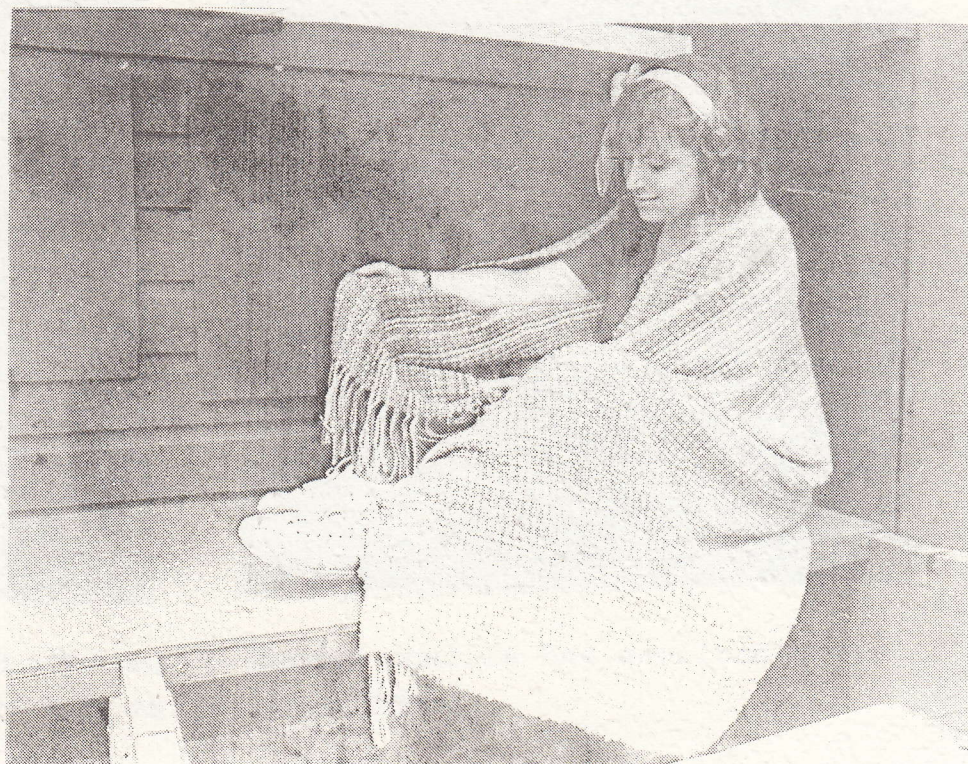


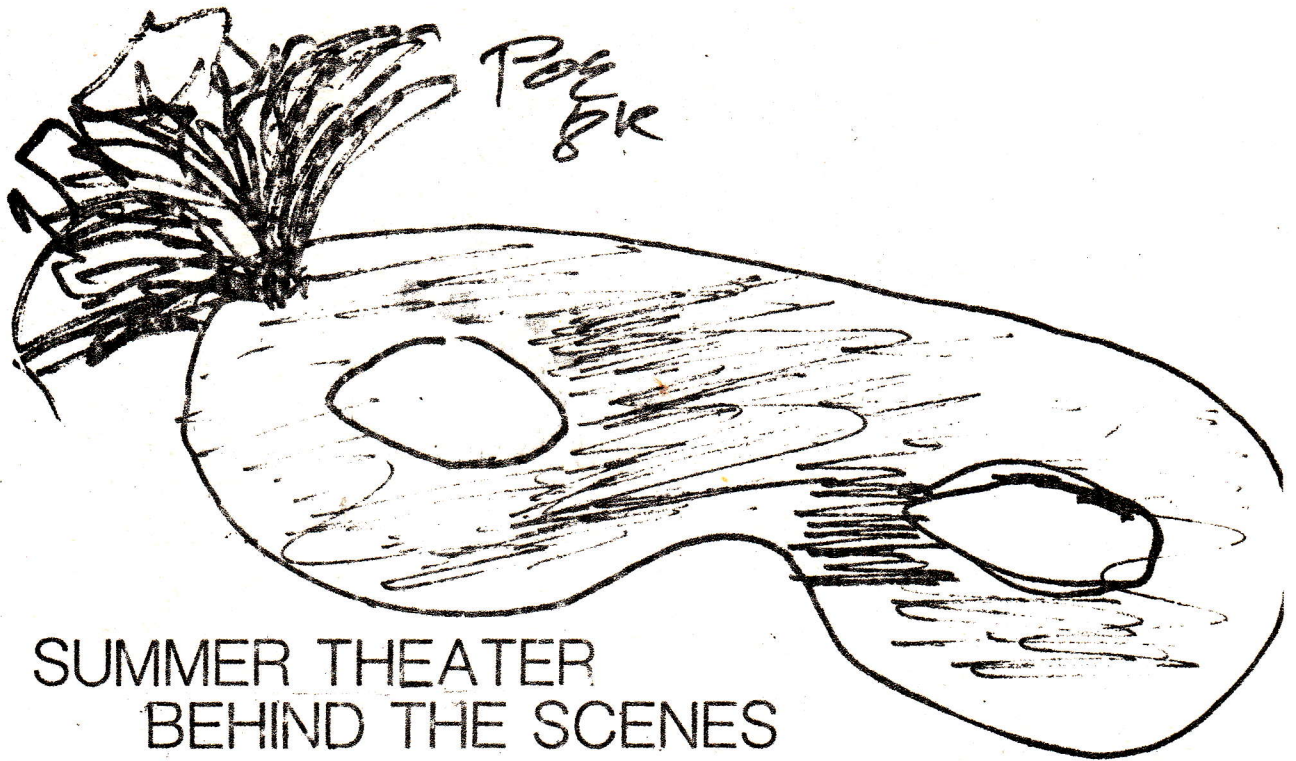
Bargello

Danielle Williams
Becky Barger

Weaving

Nancy Rubin





SUMMER THEATER BEHIND THE SCENES

by Jenny Lyn Bader and Sam Lipsyte

"I can get you into early dinner. Your make-up call is at 7:00."

"--But we don't go up till 8:30."

"Sorry, you have to sit around and eat Nerds until then."

Opening night. The air is still damp from this afternoon's heavy rain. You can't find your costume. You can't find its buttons. You know there is a prop you forgot; its identity escapes you. You wonder why you're so nervous. Everything has been so carefully planned from the word go, so finely tuned. The last two weeks flash before you like a Broadway marquee.

Auditions. They come first. Kate sits at her desk in the wilderness of the rehearsal stage, calmly sipping from her lavender mug. Devoted CIT's pass out audition sheets and pencils. Everyone is alone, contemplating whether to lie about their height, weight, other commitments, or eye color. Callbacks. The show is cast. It is now your life.

The techies begin their work, too. Following Bob Harper's blueprint, they begin to build the set. Brenda and Rudy and the rest of the LSD crew begin to design lighting and sound. We go our separate ways until...Tech Week.

The actors have spent a week on the rehearsal stage. Now they must return to reality, to a set. For a week of morning, afternoon, and night rehearsals, actors and techies try to get on the same wave length, then the costume crew joins in.

"Places, everyone..."

Though each experience is different: David and Lisa, an introspective, emotional process; Solitaire and The Informer, two political, one-act plays; and Scapino, the extravaganza to end all extravaganzas; the feeling is always the same. The lights go up. It's showtime, folks.



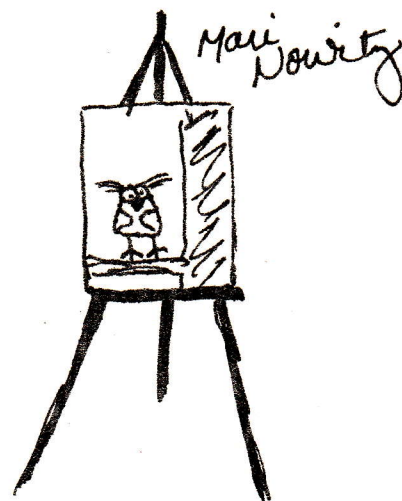
AY
BUDY

SETH DINEEN



ART SHOP

By Daniella Lednicer

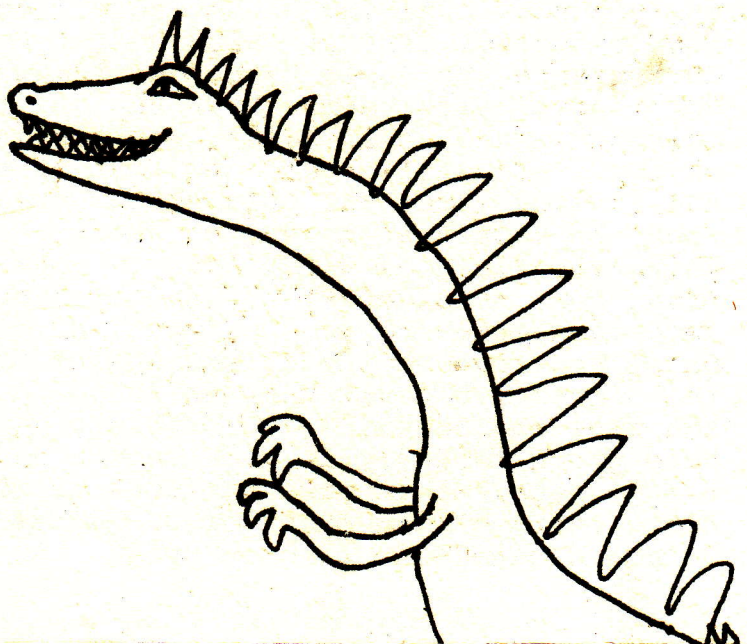


The Art Shop--not an adventure, nor a journey--but an experience. It starts out with, "I will draw a tree." And you draw a tree. A ridiculous looking thing which looks more like a drugged-out sprig of parsley than the tall, majestic oak you had planned it to be. You become frustrated, enraged, disgusted with yourself, and crumple up the paper, swearing you will never draw again. But James Dupree has other plans for you--he barks a command, and three CIT's attack you with pencils, erasers, fresh sheets of paper and fifty "how-to-draw-trees" books. Adrian and Christianne then waltz over and show you how they would draw a tree. You attempt once more--and this time you find yourself staring at a true, lifelike oak tree, and you're aghast--"I did that?"

Now content with the knowledge that you can draw that oak tree, you start to leave, but James once again sits you down and tells you he wants a background for that tree. You're enraged and frustrated again, but this time at James. However, the CIT's are carefully observing you out of the corners of their eyes, and you wisely decide to stay and fill in the paper around the tree. It suddenly occurs to you that it looks pretty good now, with the background and all. "Hell, why don't I make it into a painting?" And you soon find yourself slopping gesso onto a canvas, your mind buzzing with plans for your forest scene.

This is when you realize that it's just the beginning. For you soon discover Bosha and Kimberly also have plans for your painting, many of which do not agree with yours. And Christianne and James have some ideas as well, most of which don't agree with yours, or Bosha's, or Kimberly's. After going over all their ideas, you realize you don't like any of them. You will spend the rest of the afternoon fuming and fussing about all this mess, until hopefully you come upon the fact that no one is twisting your arm to do anything you disagree with, and you continue with your own idea. After more consideration, you try a new technique which James suggested to you and you find it works. This goes on until you have completed your painting, and have explored techniques you never knew existed and were afraid to try. You have now acquired new knowledge and new development, and have grown markedly in your career as an artist. The results are as apparent in your attitude as they are in the magnificent, overwhelming painting of an oak forest which evolved from a drugged-out parsley sprig.

once upon a time I tried to write a science-fiction story and a
big dragon came out of the typewriter and I never got to fin...



Julie Saidenberg
Untitled
Painting

ART



Lisa Tanabe
"Self Portrait"
Graphite Drawing

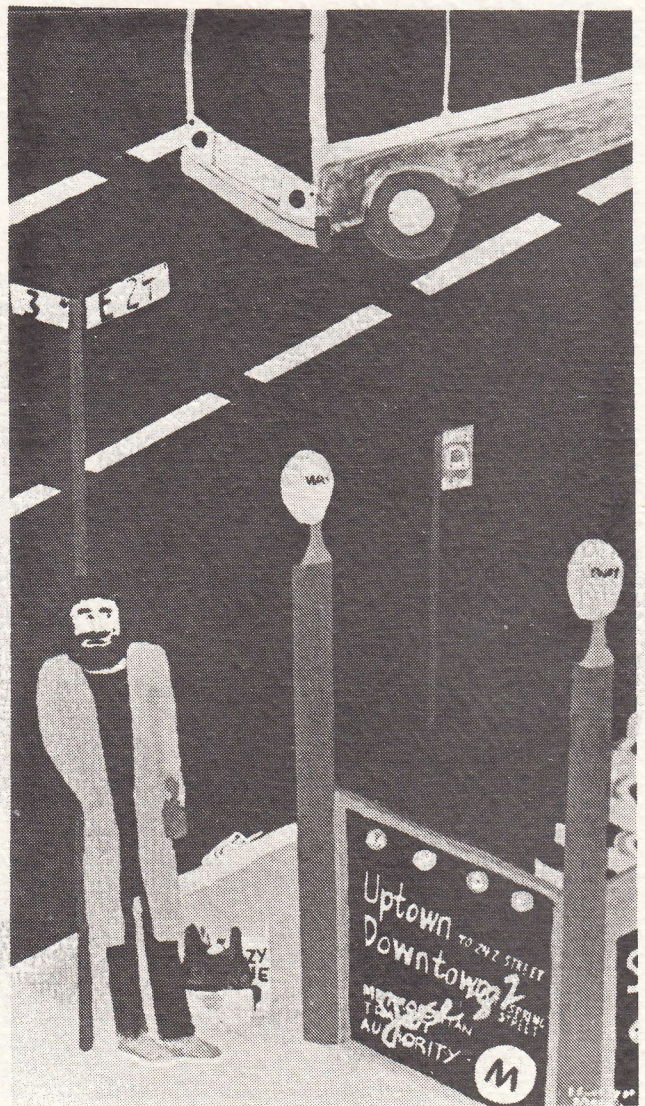




Danielle Goodman
 "Self Portrait"
 Drypoint

Art

Daniel Bukszan
 Untitled
 Painting





James Dupree shows Lisa Tanabe a drawing technique.

Photo by Brian Gross



Gabrial Marder at the easel.



Steven Leif painting. Staff Photos



James Wolf takes aim.

Photo by Mark Fenton

ARCHERY

by Andrew Feigin

Few people realise what a versatile shop Archery is. A few of the many things you can do there are: Build mon-goose traps, meet William Tell, talk about philosophy, meet albino cats, sit, talk, and have fun, OR if you really feel daring...

SHOOT at the targets.

Computer Shop

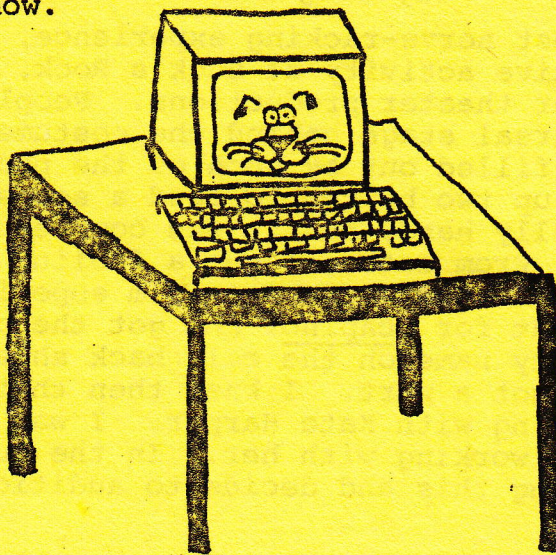
by Danny Rockoff

The graphics show is being run today. In about five minutes actually. We're early but the counselors won't let anyone in yet. I wish they'd hurry up. We've been making programs for the show for the last two weeks.

Hooray. They're opening up. It's dark inside of the shop. The only light is from the computer monitors. The counselor put all the programs on one disk and made them run continuously. It looks great.

The program certificates are being handed out now. A lot of people have done well and received one.

The show is over and we have to leave. It was great fun watching our programs. We'll have to do some new ones for festival now.



Mari
Weitz

Set Construction - *The Art and the Drudgery*

by Adam Reisman

"Fetch me a can of dupes."

"I guess she doesn't care about precis n cuttings."

"Don't we have any unripped muslin?"

"I want all these bent nails straightened out so we can use them again."

"Got a cigarette?"

"You're over the hill!"

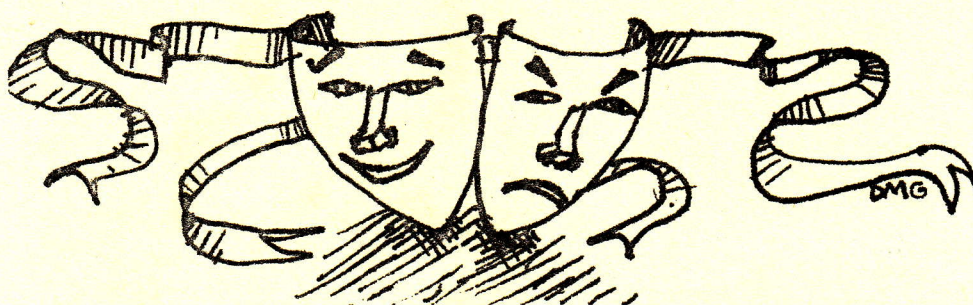
These are lines often heard at the Summer Theater, not on stage, but behind the scenes. Set Construction at Buck's Rock is a little-known shop since counselors do much of the work. This is because they are always under deadline to get a set done. If you go down there anytime during the day, you're likely to find at least a few busy techies hammering, sawing, painting, stapling, sweeping, or taking a quick break. Everything is done doubletime.

Set Construction can be hard, sweaty and dirty work, but also amazingly satisfying. It feels good to know that you are playing an important role in a production. It isn't your usual type of shop. You don't just come in and start a project, working on it at your leisure. You have to show up often and be able to earn their respect as a diligent and responsible worker. Once you've earned that respect, you're a fully qualified techie.

Tryouts

by Doug Cohn

About the most nerve-racking experience, and probably the most competitive activity at Buck's Rock, has to be the tryouts for summer theater productions. People swarmed down to the rehearsal stage behind the costume shop. Audition sheets were filled out by each of the people. They were then called up two by two to read a scene from the play. It was really hard, but it was completely worth it in the long run. From acting I get a feeling of total satisfaction inside. I just love it! I'm especially lucky because I tried out for Scapino! and got the part. I was thrilled to find my name on the call back sheet and ecstatic to see that I got a part. I knew then that I had the privilege of working with Kate Harper. I was told by many that it was great working with her. In the future, all of you who are reading this and decide to audition for plays, BREAK A LEG!



Auditions for The Informer and Solitaire

By Sharon Shafer

I sit there on the cold, wet corner of the stage, intently listening to exactly how the other people read. I make notes for myself in my head and wonder if I can ever do as well as they.

After an hour and a half, I hear my name called for "on deck." (Oh my God, what do I do?) I try to walk casually up to Lauren Rosenthal, who hands me a script, but I can tell that my knees are shaking. My audition partner, Peter Bulova, and I walk off to practice our lines.

In my head, I decide that the scene would look a lot more interesting if it were at least slightly staged. I discuss this with Peter, and we have our general placement and movement areas down, when, later, we are called.

By the time I reach the stage, I am calm and already into character. Kate smiles at me. Peter and I take our places, and we begin.

When it is over, I think that it went too quickly, but it was fun. After lunch, I run out to the callback list, and I find my name listed. I go to the callbacks and Kate tells us that we all did well, then sees if we look the part. That evening, after dinner, I checked the cast list, and to my great surprise and joy, I had a part. Peter Bulova also got a part, which I found interesting because I believe that was the first time that two audition partners had both gotten into the show.

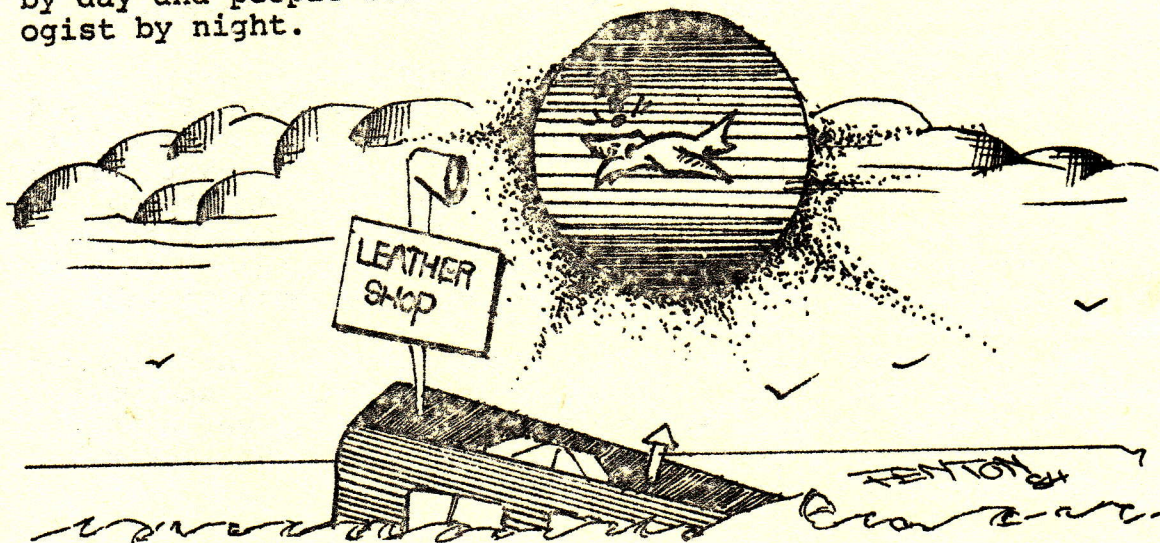
To all future auditioners, I would give you this advice: Breathe deeply and relax. Listen to other people, and when you go on stage, be loud and enunciate. Also, never give up! Just because you don't get a part in one play, that doesn't mean that you won't in the next production.

Who will get her a periscope,
pray tell?

by Bobby Newman

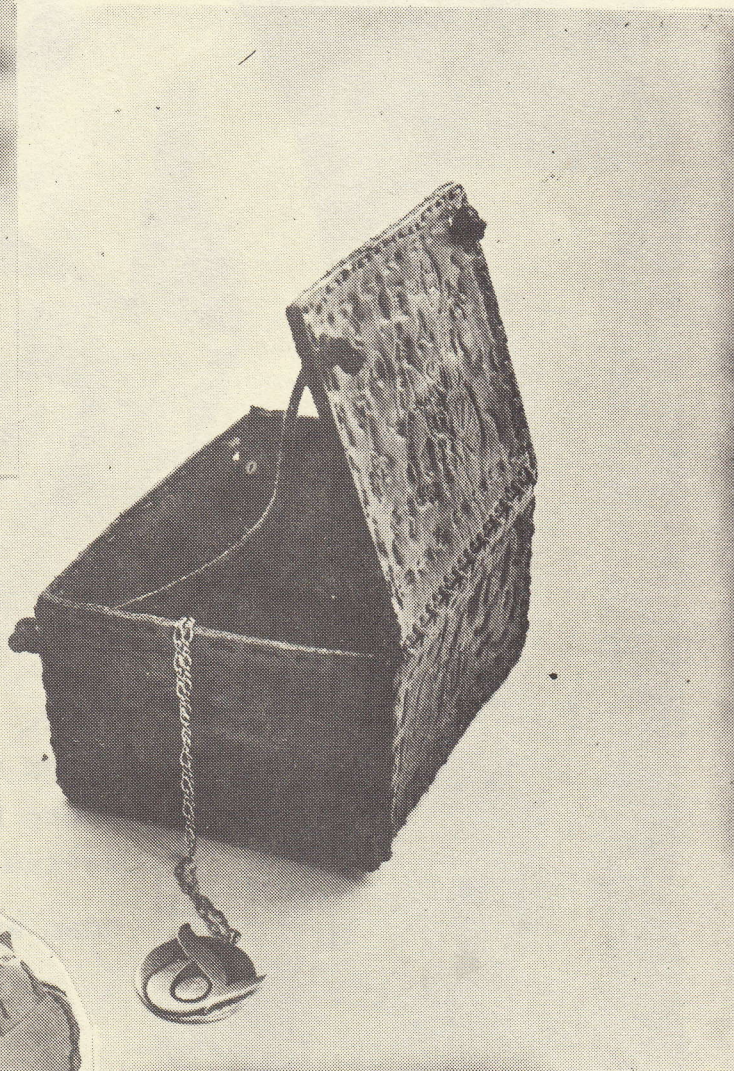
We all know Claire--the leather lady who lives in the partially submerged submarine next to the septic field. Well, here's her story:

Once upon a time, in a land far far away, there was a village called Partially Submerged Submarine Land (PSS Land for short) because near the center of the village there sits a sinking submarine. This small, unassuming village was a Utopia in which everything was made out of leather because leather grew on trees--leather trees, of course. The intrepid ruler of PSS Land was Claire. The village's population was about 600, and everybody lived in perfect harmony. Only Claire knew about the real world because other rulers would come to her with their problems. Claire realized that her Utopia couldn't continue to exist. Then, one day as the last leather tree was cut and fell to the ground, the inevitable came: Claire's Utopia ceased to exist. The atmosphere changed, the leaves fell, snow came. Everyone left, leaving their past behind. But Claire remembered and was wise. She incorporated some of her past into her present, and is now helping campers make wallets, bracelets, and bookbags as the leather lady by day and people solve their problems as community psychologist by night.

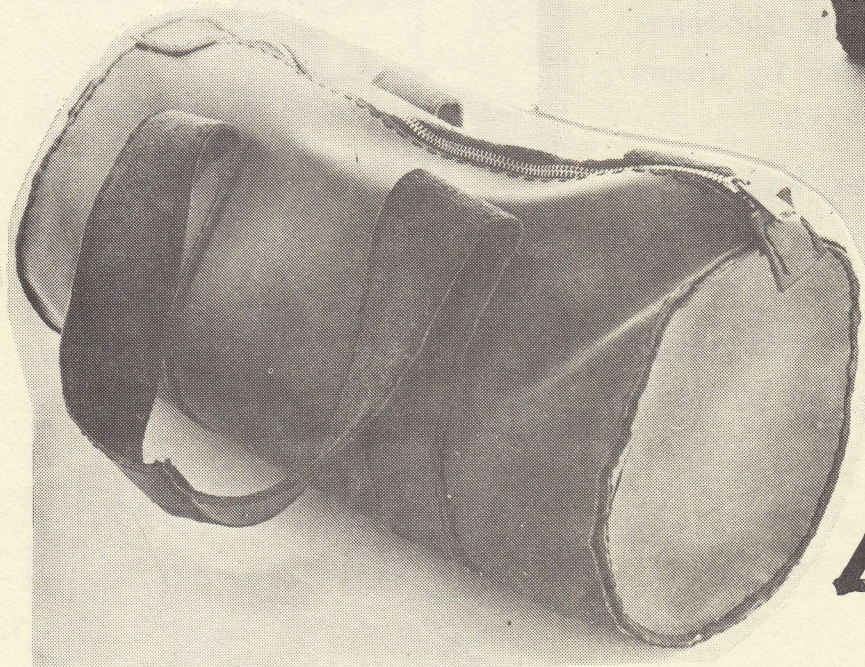




Andrew Sackser



Bob Newman



Doug Woodworth.

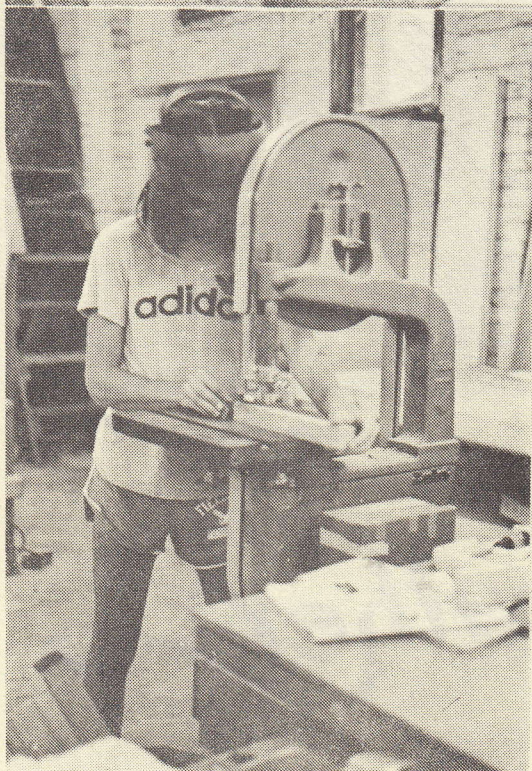
Leather



^
 Ethan Goodman
 Photo by James
 Levine

Adam Rudner

<
 Todd Berger>
 Photos by Brian
 Gross



WOOD SHOP

By Ellyn Blau

Wood Shop. The very name brings thoughts of talented counselors and amazing projects. I and the other kids who have a love for wood make it one of the most popular shops because the challenge of taking a shapeless block of wood and changing it into cabinets, jewelry boxes, chairs, and bowls is a lot of fun. You can choose from six different types of wood: cherry, pine, walnut, maple, oak, and mahogany, each varying in beauty. Our gifted staff, consisting of Lew, Adrian, John, Lionel, Chris, and CIT's Neil, Mike, Dave, and Jim, are friendly and willing to help with any project being made, except at the end of the day when you'll walk in and hear Lew and Lionel arguing about what size wood should be cut and where, see everyone dirty from lathe work and sawing, and the CIT's tired and falling off their feet from a day of excited campers not knowing what to do and needing help. (To be honest - I really think the CIT's like it, though.) All in all, a day in the Wood Shop can be an exciting and enjoyable experience.

BARGELLO

by Melissa Bernstein

A mass of colorful threads geometrically woven through a web of mesh is bargello. It was named after a museum, The Bargello, located in Florence, Italy. Bargello dates back to the Middle Ages and possibly earlier. It is based upon repetitive geometric arrangements that are adapted from early rugs, paintings, tapestries, mosaics, coverlets, and more.

In the shop, which is located at the Weaving Studio, you will see many people waiting for the assistance of Phyllis and Andrea. They are the "brains" of the operation. The shop is open alternate mornings and afternoons throughout the week. You can be sure that any time you go, there will be lots of people on line in front of you. You can make beautiful projects in the Bargello Shop, such as eyeglass cases, wall hangings, pillows, and anything else you can think of. The great thing about bargello is that you can do it anywhere and everywhere, anytime that you need to do something creative, fun, and easy.

SOCCER

by Simeon Manber

Most evenings, if you were to take a walk down to the Buck's Rock football field (soccer pitch), you would find little or no activity. The pitch is all neatly marked out, and the goals are in position. So has football at Buck's Rock vanished without a trace?

If you think this is the case, you could not be further from the truth. Just take another walk, this time past the main office almost any evening at 7:00, and you will find a regiment of campers, football boots (cleats) at the ready. They are raring to go. Go where? Into town to use the facilities of the local school because, for reasons of safety--there are still too many rocks on the field--, we have not been able to use our own soccer pitch this summer.

When we arrive at the school, soccer coach and referee Steven Phillips divides the players into two teams. He gives each player a number, either a one or a two, and then deliberately forgets it just to confuse the referee.

The game normally lasts for an hour, thirty minutes for each half. When time is almost up, the referee says, "Next team to score wins," even though one team may be winning at the time. This keeps the game light-hearted, and everyone ends up a WINNER.

Six-a-side football (soccer) has become very popular over the last couple of weeks. This is a more skillful game in which good ball control and endurance are needed because the game is played at a ferocious pace.

This season, the football team has played against a number of other teams and has been beaten only once.

It is disappointing that we could not use the soccer pitch this summer. Despite this, however, we have had an enjoyable time playing football. The basics for a good pitch are there, and work will begin soon after camp to solve the problems of the field.





SILKSCREEN

By Peter Kramer and Jay Golland

CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATES 8407-8408

Silkscreen...

The final frontier.

These are the voyages of the Starship Silkscreen,
on its eight-week mission:

To explore strange new techniques,
with new inks, and new colors;

To boldly go where no shop has gone before!

"Helmsman, help that young lady print!" was the command.

"Aye, aye, Sir" was the reply.

Craig A. Douglas was the captain.

The USS Silkscreen was the ship.

1984 at the Silkscreen Shop was a year unlike any within Federation history. From weekly bagels to "Spock Do-Good," to the Great Flu Epidemic of Stardate 8408 which claimed half our crew, it was an auspicious year. With the guidance of our counselors, Captain Craig Douglas, First Officer Doug "Spock" DeGood, and Head Nurse Karen Stamper; along with our part-time Psychiatrist Nina Dillof and our amazing JC and Communications Officer Nina "Legal Tender" Lesser, and our simply grand CIT's: Chief Helmsman Jay Golland, Chief Navigator Peter Kramer, Chief Engineer Laurie Baum (Beam me up, Laurie), Chief Security Officer "Craigie" Johnson, Chief Surgeon Allison Bender, Supply Officer Suzie Scheer, and loveable Yeoman Jennifer Gilson, the Silkscreen Shop provided a galaxy of opportunity for exploring the universe of serography.

"...Captain, the Klingon vessel has fired a photon torpedo."

"Full shields, evasive maneuvers."

The USS Silkscreen is hit. Sparks fly on the bridge.

"Damage report."

"It wasn't a direct hit, Captain. It appears the only damage done was to the timer on our copy camera."

"How soon until we are fully operational?"

"We will have it fixed by next summer, Sir."

"Ship's phasers on disable--fire!"

"Captain, the Klingon vessel wishes to discuss a truce."

"Put it on visual."

"Enough, enough--it's yearbook time," the Klingon Commander pleads. "Let's call a truce. Whaddya say guys?"

"Let's keek der butts, Keptin."

"Full surrender--nothing less...."



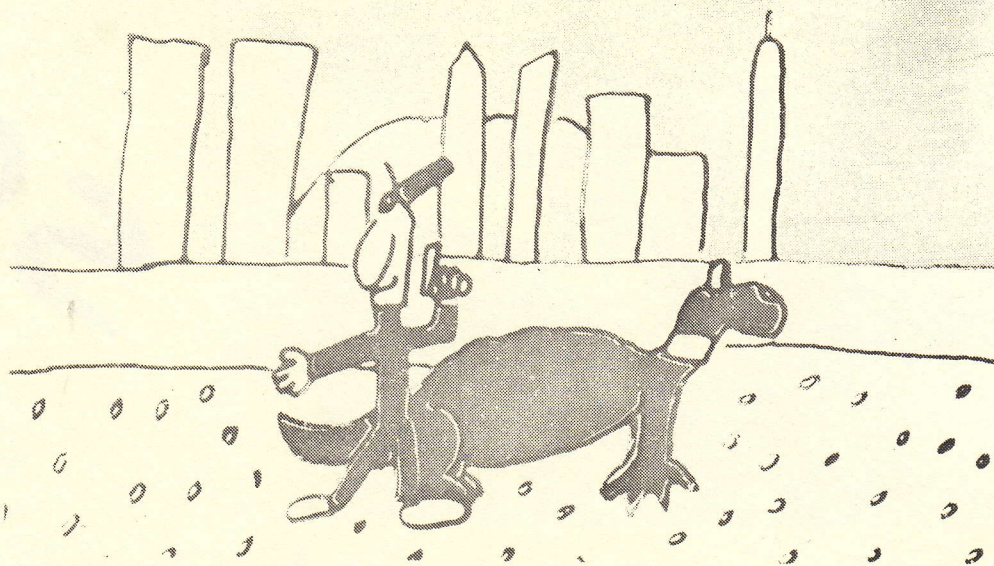
Screaming Acid Rain !!

633/1000

Ray Holland
Peter Ramey



For more information, visit our website at www.fox.com



Noah Baumbach
"Man and his Lizard, Part II"



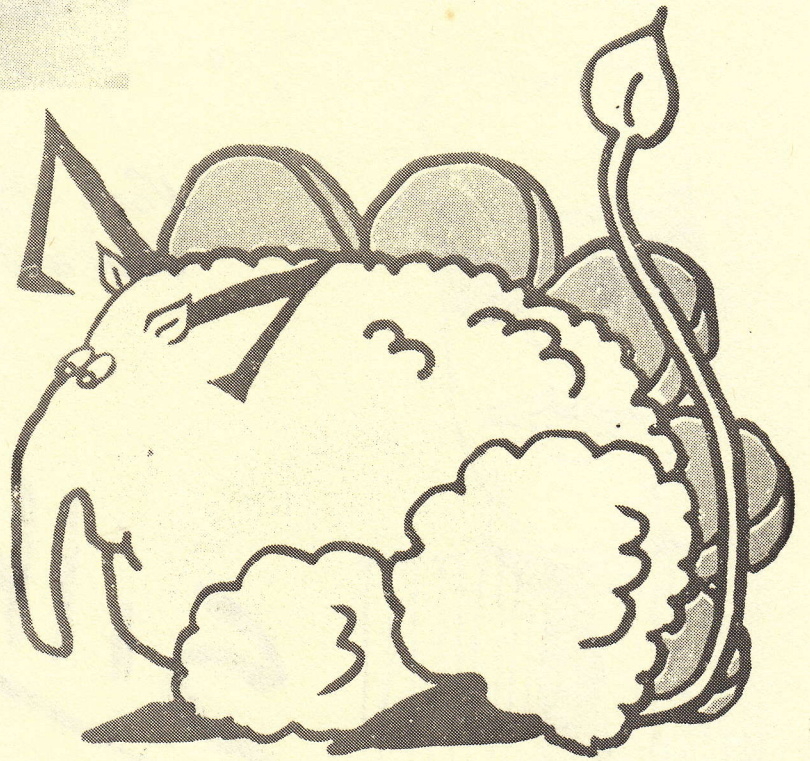
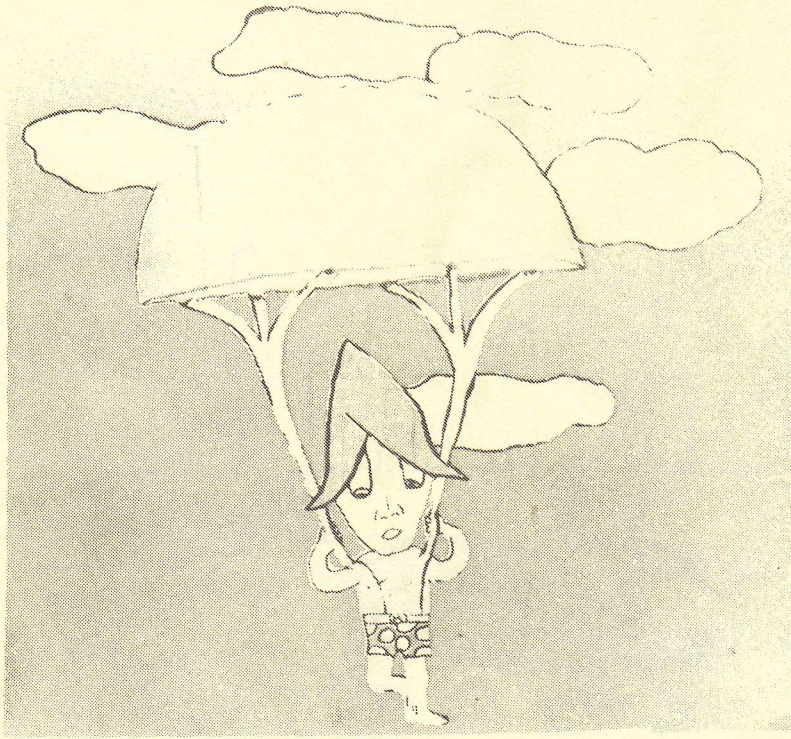
Silkscreen



David Sergenian
"Mafia Joe"

Michael Dvorkin
"The Parachuter"

Screen



Silk

Julie
Saidenberg
"Gryndle"



Allison Bender
"Who me? Strange?"

ALUMINUM FOYL

Well, folks, we've just been told that we are the last shop to hand in our article. We're supposed to tell you about fencing so that's what we're going to do. We're not making an outline so this'll be disorganized. We, at fencing, are very lazy. Another thing about us fencers is that we don't like our snack stolen. (Ahem, Actor's Studio.) Hey, Zak, shut-up; we're writing this. Thank you. I told you, Zak, shut-up. We don't care about last month.

Zak wants us to talk about last month so this is what we know, um... Eben (or is it Evan) had a beard and shaved it... He also wore an obnoxious t-shirt. Now that we've talked about last month, BEEP OFF, Zak. By the way, we do remember the day of the tall ships. Thanks, Actor's Studio, for the gingerale. We also like noise. We hate being quiet while fencing. (Ahem, Karate or tei cwen foe, or whatever you are.) Then there are the trucks. Well, I guess you have to be there.

Fencers are always ready to sacrifice their time, energy, and lives. For instance, the authors of this masterpiece went all the way to town to do the fencers' laundry. There we risked our lives wrestling with scalding jackets. On top of that, we had to stuff all the clothes into one washer, and, for some reason, they didn't come out clean, but that's something else. Then there was the boredom of watching the drier go around and around, round and round, round, round, and around 5323 times. The only thing that kept us sane was the fact that we were doing it for the benefit of our fellow fencers... It wasn't the delicious, creamy ice cream that saved us, but that's something else.

Wait, shut up, Eben. I can't believe you don't think that it's funny. You told us to write it. Now, get lost. We don't care what you think. Then, there's Ben. He's big; Mark England, he's English and funny and wanted us to write about him. So you should have come to fencing because years from now while you're looking through this yearbook, you'll wish you'd learn to fence.

First Man Long Hair
Fidel Marx

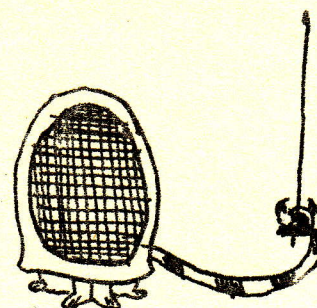
~~Zak~~

Special thanks to: Fyedo Kwan (or whatever); Olga; the truck drivers; the tall ships and the.....Actor's Studio.

Please credit all mistakes to Fencing.

The Fun of Fencing

by Mike Hurwitz



Boris, the fencing counselor, can be seen running through an imaginary small animal with his foil. He laughs in a sickly Peter Lorre-like fashion and is then interrupted by a little kid who wants a fencing lesson. In the background can be heard spooky music castle-of-horror stuff.

Kid (Apprehensive): Excuse me, uh...

Boris: Yesssss? (Laughs maniacally)

Kid: Could I, uh, could I have a fencing lesson?

Boris: Why, certainly! (Laughs)

Boris gives a foil to the kid, almost stabbing him with it. The boy takes the foil hesitantly. Boris backs up laughing, preparing to fence.

Kid: Don't I need a mask?

Boris: Oh, noooo. (Laughs) Engarde!

Boris lunges at the kid and stabs him through the heart. The kid screams and faints. Boris, again, laughs. Enter Lou Simon, with a disapproving look on his face.

Lou: Boris, can I talk to you? It seems that you are having a little difficulty fitting in with the Buck's Rock community.

Boris: Yes?

Lou: I would think that if children spend more time in the hospital than in the shops, the creative process is inhibited.

Boris: Yes. (Looks at his foil) I see the point. Tell me, Lou, would you like to fence?

Lou: Oh, no, I couldn't.

Boris: No, please do. (Laughs)

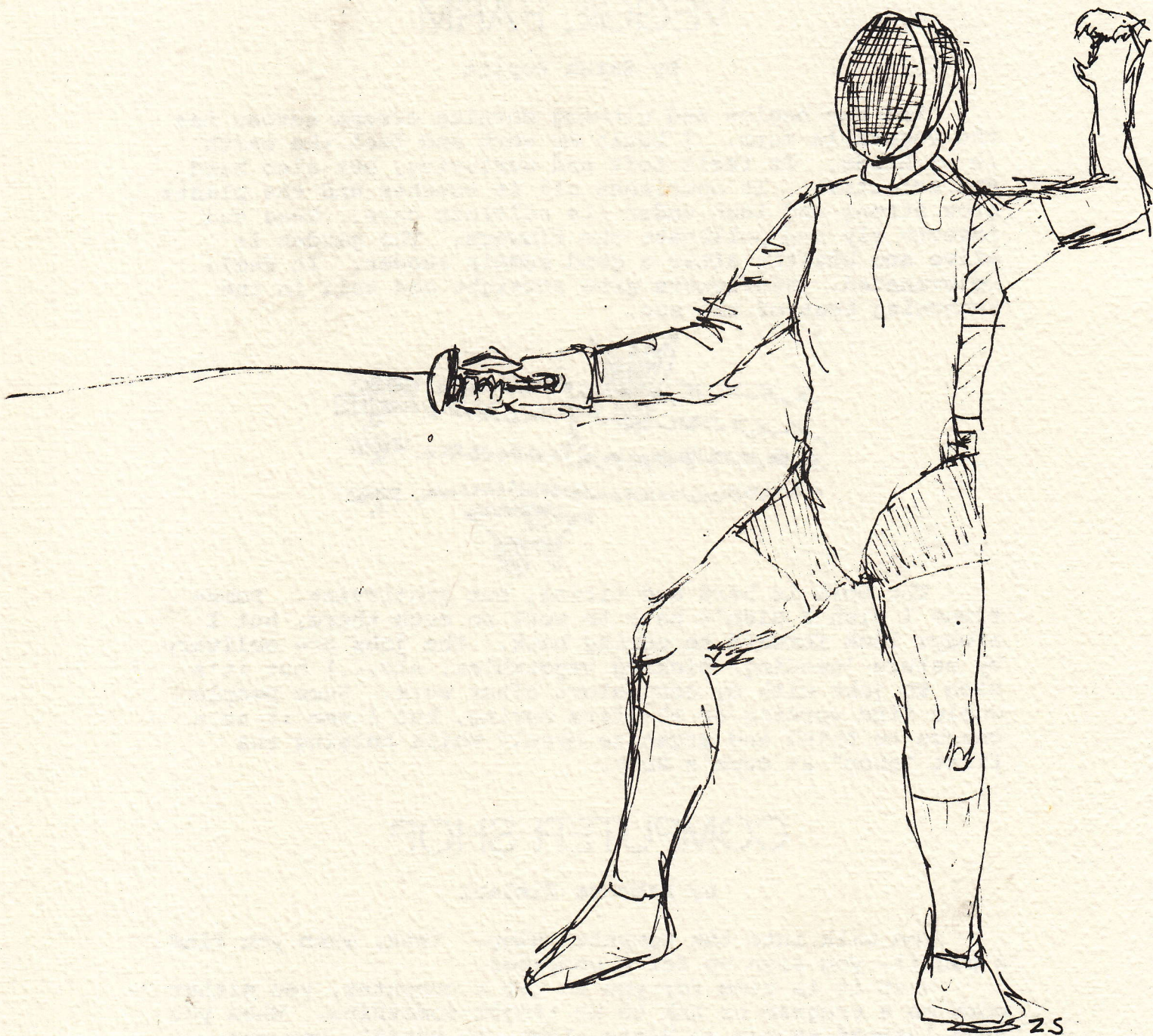
Lou walks over to the dead kid and pulls the sword out of him.

Lou: You did a pretty good job on him.

Lou lunges at Boris and kills him with the foil. Boris dies as he laughs.

Lou: Maybe you should switch to Bargello.

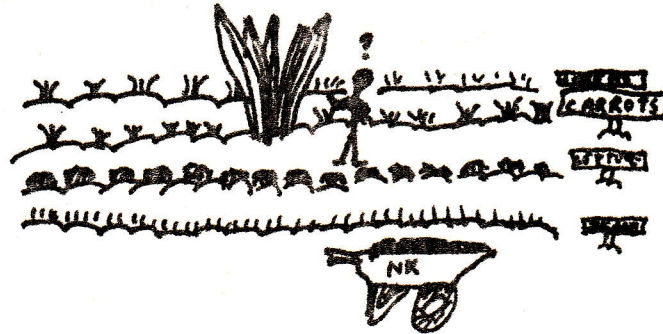
The End



VEGGIE FARM

by Sarah Koplin

The day begins and glowing morning creeps across the the vegetable farm. I begin my work and feel the earth in my hands. It feels soft and nurturing, but also hard and selective. It nourishes all it touches and the plants grow strong and lush under its selfless care. Bees and insects fly and pollinate the flowers. The garden is alive and healthy after a good summer shower. It feels rejuvenated. Sunflowers grow straight and tall in the seorching heat of the sun.



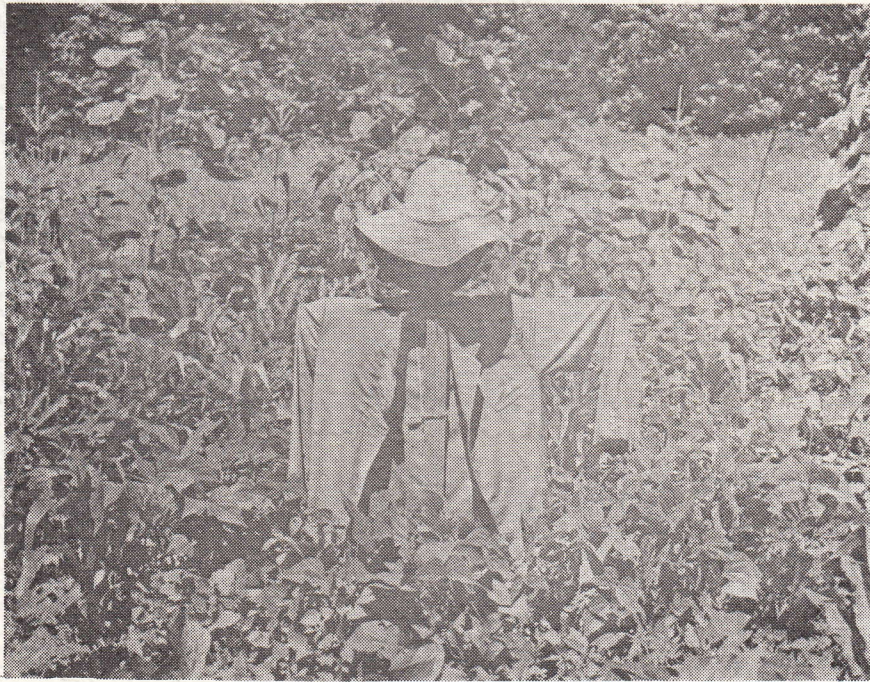
The work is hard and tiring, but gratifying. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to work so much there, but I always look forward to coming back. The jobs are solitary by nature (weeding, picking vegetables, etc...) but it's nice to joke with my counselors after work. Some people would find working at the farm boring, but I see it as a chance to think and organize myself while helping the first "shop" at Buck's Rock.

COMPUTER SHOP

by Rebecca Kislack

You walk into the Computer Shop. Then, when you find a pencil, you sign up for a computer.

When it is time for you to get a computer, you either work on a program or ask to be taught something. When you have learned enough in Basic, Logo, or Pascal, you can write a program using all the things required in that language for the level that you are working on. I passed Basic, Level 1. To do that, I had to write a program to average any ten numbers and create a game. In the game, the computer would choose a number randomly and the player would have to guess it.



Photos by Liz Kaltman



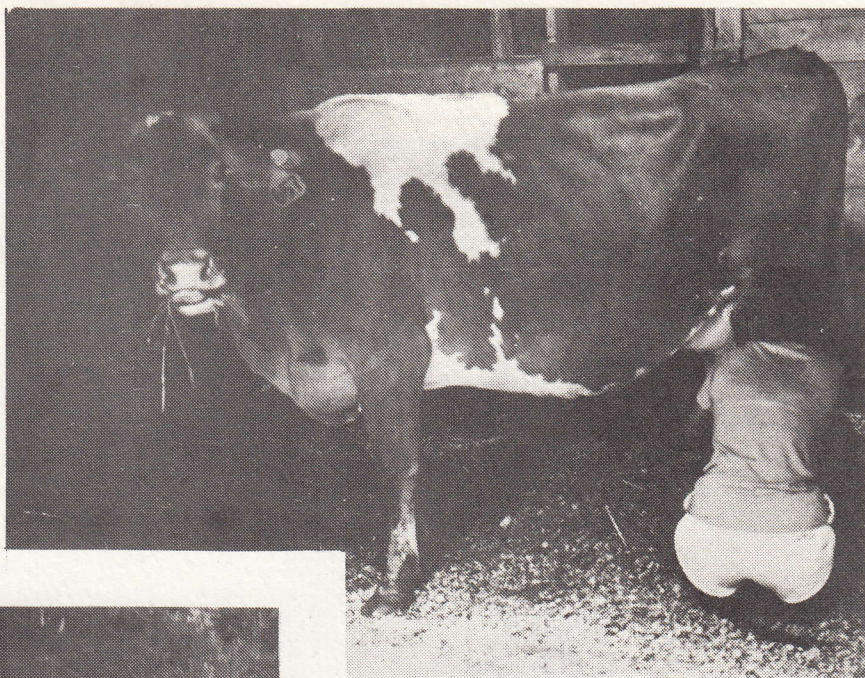


Photo by Brian Goldberg



Ginny Mason riding.
Staff Photo

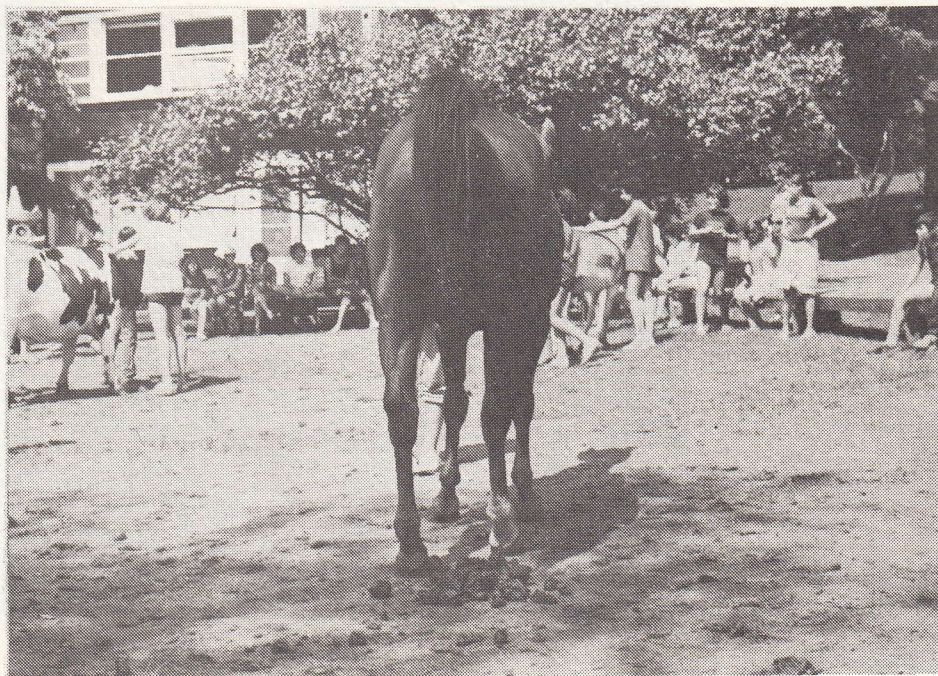


Photo by Stuart Pudell

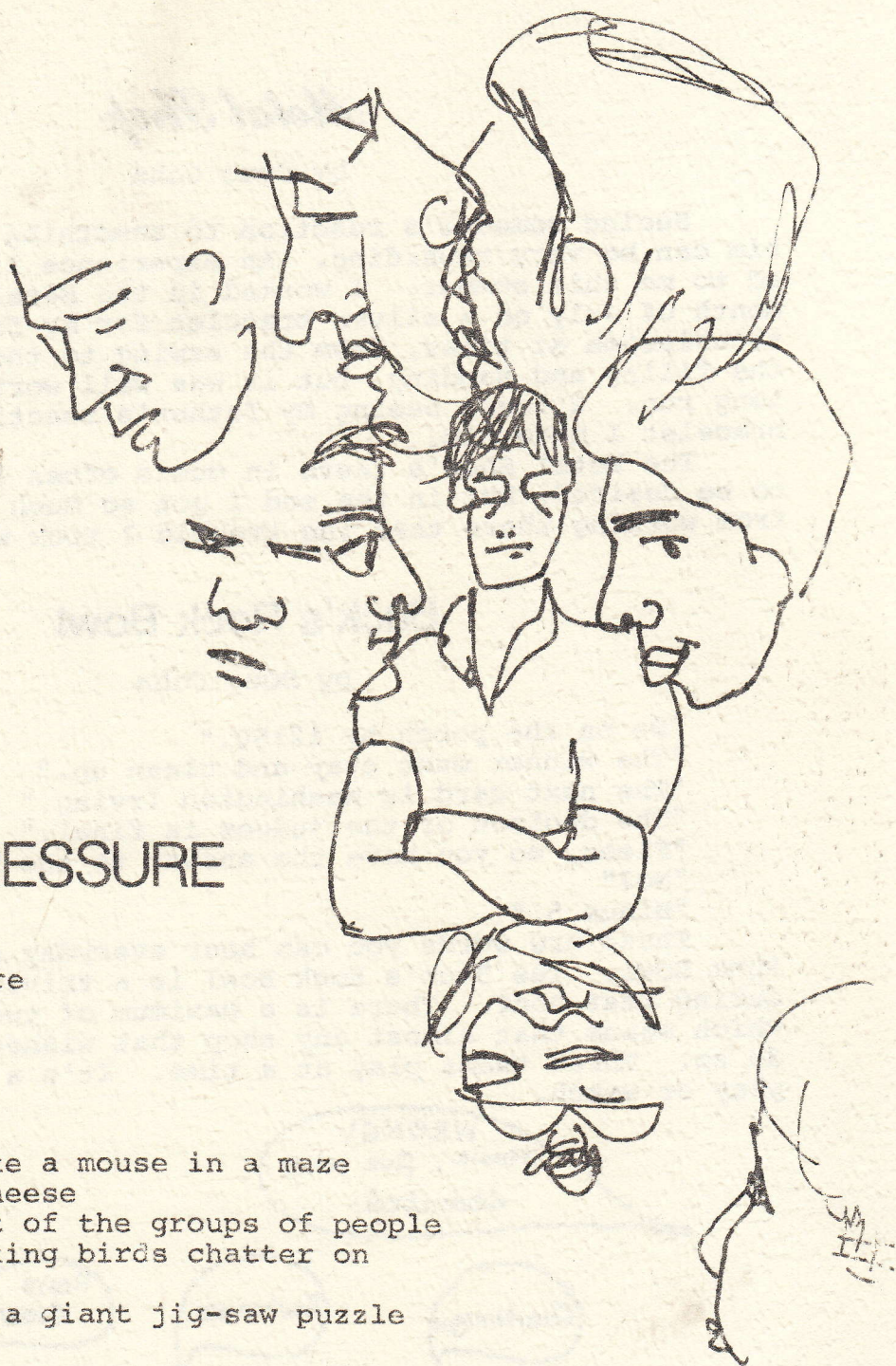
SOCIAL PRESSURE

by Mary Ida Zamore

I stand alone like a mouse in a maze
looking for my cheese
I walk in and out of the groups of people
the mindless talking birds chatter on

the scene is now a giant jig-saw puzzle
I am a piece
deformed
I try to fit in
to mold myself to the birds
but it still doesn't feel right

I was put in the wrong box I think



Metal Shop

by Doug Cohn

Seeing someone's reaction to something you've done for him can be very rewarding. An experience like this happened to me this summer. I worked in the Metal Shop for the month of July on a silver bracelet for my father. It was troublesome at times, from the sawing to the soldering to the filing and sanding, but it was well worth it in the long run. I loved seeing my father's reaction to the bracelet I made him.

The Metal Shop's taste in music often leaves something to be desired, but in the end I got so much satisfaction from working there that the trouble I took was repaid.

Buck's Rock Bowl

by Doug Cohn

"Be on the porch by 12:50."

"The winner must stay and clean up."

"The next card is Washington Irving."

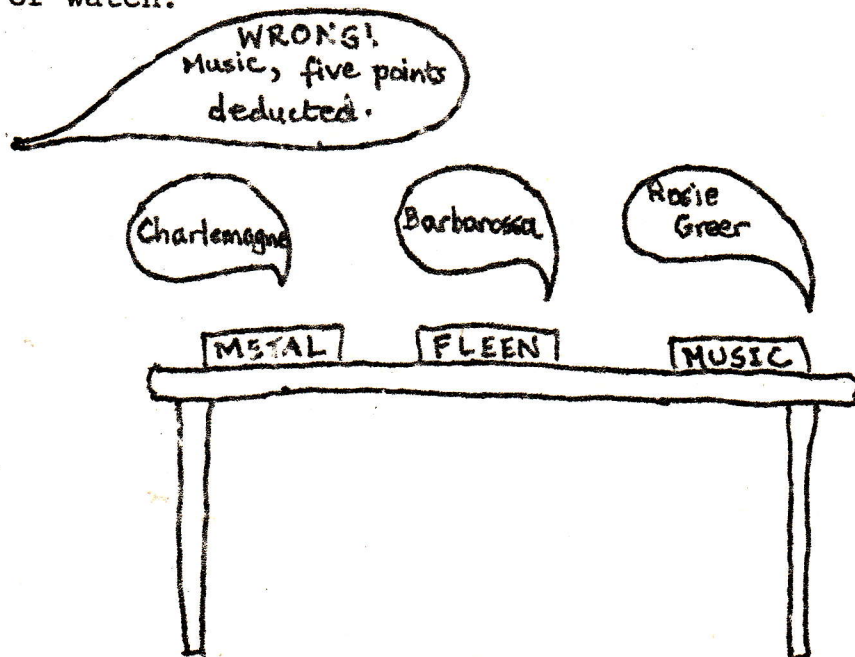
"The decision of the judges is final."

"Fleen, do you have the answer to the next question?"

"No?"

"Minus 5."

These are words you can hear everyday at the Buck's Rock Bowl. The Buck's Rock Bowl is a trivia game played during rest hour. There is a maximum of twenty-five teams which means that almost any shop that wishes to enter may do so. Three teams play at a time. It's a lot of fun to play or watch.





by Isabelle Kaplan



An innocent seed
Resting helplessly on the
Aggressive wind

Mischievously
Released and deposited
Into life-giving soil

A feeble green stick
Inexpertly jutting into
The atmosphere



A mature brown log
Obstruction to the ambitious
Insensitive world

A useful pale chair
Stripped of its bark, sullenly
Remembering youth

An old unsteady stool
With no strength left because it
Has all been used up

A striking fire who
Has evilly shrivelled its prey--
Killed a half-dead object

A mound of lifeless ash
Swept by wind and carelessly
Dropped into the dirt



Spelunking, Spelunking, Spelunking

By Heather Ehrlich

It was a hot and sunny day when we went spelunking. Just the sort of weather for escaping from camp. Only three campers went, me, another girl about my age, and a boy of about twelve.

When we got to the path which led to the cave, we ate a picnic lunch. It was supposed to be peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, but someone forgot the bread; we resorted to eating peanut butter on potato chips.

When we had finished eating, we went up to the path which led to the cave. We had to wait at the entrance because another camp group was coming out. It sure was hot sitting and waiting in our sweatshirts. Finally everyone was out and we could go in.

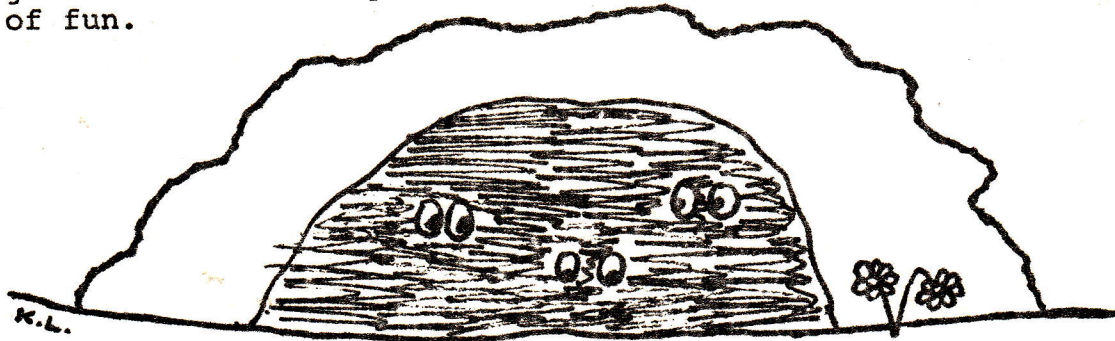
It was very cool inside the cave. There were a few rock formations but they weren't as intricate as in the commercial caves. At first the exploring was easy; however, jumping over a ten foot drop made me a little nervous, but everyone made it. The further we went into the cave the narrower it got until we were crawling on our stomachs. Luckily no one was overweight. Everyone had just enough room to crawl through.

Then we got as far into the cave as we could go. There wouldn't have been any more room, even if we had wanted to go any further. We all turned off our flashlights to see how dark it would be. There was no light at all. Then we turned back. On the way back the other girl got stuck for about half an hour. The boy behind me kept putting clay on my back. Finally the girl was able to continue and we made it to the entrance of the cave.

The sunlight looked beautiful, but our clothes didn't! They were so wet and muddy, it was hard to tell what color they were!

On our way back to camp, we stopped at Dairy Queen. I felt so stupid going in there with muddy clothes.

Finally we got back to camp, and to the showers. Thank goodness! I think spelunking was very exciting and a lot of fun.



MARTIAL ARTS '84

by Daisy Colchie

The Martial Arts class was one of the most seriously taken and rigorous activities at Buck's Rock this year. Compared to past summers, there was an exceptional turnout of students, a large percentage of which earned yellow-belts.

Unfortunately, the word "karate" is usually associated with big thugs chopping apart tables or those dubbed Chinese B- movies of 20 men hacking away at each other. This class at Buck's Rock succeeded in proving that the Martial Arts really have nothing to do with that. Tai-kwon-do, the Korean style that was taught, is a skill which takes precision, discipline, and knowledge of both the mechanics and ethics behind it to learn. Although Tai-Kwon-do can be used as a destructive tool, it also teaches flexibility, self-confidence, strength, and, most important, self-control. These skills are useful and almost necessary in everyday life.

Paul Shaderowfsky is a Tae-kwon-do black belt, and his assistant, Nicole Beder, is a high green belt. Nicole usually warms up the class with about 20 minutes of rigorous calisthenics. This ends with a short round of meditation, which helps the students to relax and concentrate on what they're doing. Paul then demonstrates some basic moves such as front, side, and roundhouse kicks, low, middle, and high blocks, knife-hand strikes and punches, and the class imitates him. Next they move on to self-defense (moves designed to protect oneself against common attacks by anyone regardless of his knowledge of fighting) and forms (a routine that involves a particular series of moves in a particular order). Both of these must be practiced so that they can be performed perfectly in a test for a belt, which is a rank that shows how far a student has advanced. Last is sparring, which is a form of combat, usually between two people, without contact. The purpose of sparring is to apply the techniques one has learned into actual situations exercising self-control and strategy. The class ends up with the respective bows to the teacher and the highest student.

Although it utilized such formalities as bows, yells, and addressing the master as "sir," and perhaps was more structured and strict than any other Buck's Rock activity,

Paul treated the class in a much more relaxed manner than Martial Arts are usually taught. In most self-defense schools, one learns by doing only; classes are conducted without any kind of questioning, and those who make mistakes are punished. Paul feels that although these methods may be effective, people cannot receive a complete understanding this way and often get hurt. It is helpful to know why such a move is done in such a way because then one can tell what he or she is striving for. Also, if a friendly atmosphere is maintained, it will help the student to feel more comfortable, less competitive, and, therefore, to perform better.

Those who came to the Tai-kwon-do class were all aware of the many valuable skills they learned. The Martial Arts teach an understanding of the connection between the body and mind and give one an inner strength that relies upon precision instead of brute force. And nothing can compare to the satisfaction of receiving a belt, as many did, or painlessly breaking a board. I am sure that all the dedicated students gained an awareness of themselves that they never had before.

Watermelon League

by Steve Pudell

Tonight's Watermelon League game is between Urania and Nyasa!! The what league? The Watermelon League is Buck's Rock's own softball league which plays evenings at the softball field. The teams play in a "non-pressured" season to compete for the championship.

The teams are comprised of 10-12 campers and 3 counselors. Everyone who tries out plays on a team regardless of ability. The purpose of the Watermelon League: to have fun and improve your game.

On the other hand, we have intercamp. This is for the more experienced players in camp. Our varsity did very well this year. Led by pitchers Jeff Richter and Nowell Chernick, we beat Camp Delaware, a sports camp, quite handily. The Junior Varsity team was 1 and 2. They gained much experience and had a good time. After all, everybody is a winner at Buck's Rock.

Help! It does a thing

People might think that these are the words spoken most often at the costume shop. This is not true.

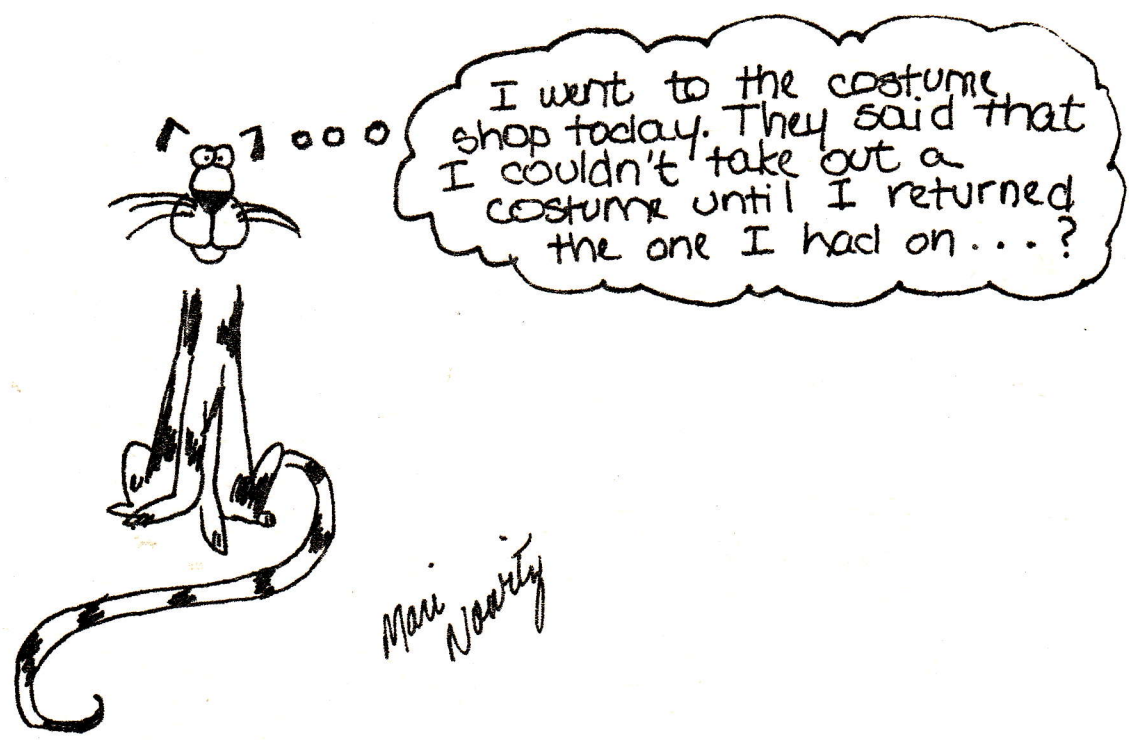
The costume shop is that little known shop behind the amphitheater that makes the wonderful costumes for the shows, and when the costume shop does it, it fits.

If you happen to venture into this shop, you will see a few people mending some costumes at the sewing machines or making a new one. If you go into the costume closet, you will get that ever-present smell of mothballs. However this closet is quite amazing, for you can pull a piece of the past off a hanger and wear it.

Not only does the costume shop do costumes, but all the makeup for the summer theater plays as well.

Lorna and her JC, Judybeth, are the hardworking staff at this shop. Once Lorna wondered how she got to be in such a wonderful shop, and someone said, "If the costume fits, wear it."

--Josh Draper





Badminton

by Daniel Volchok

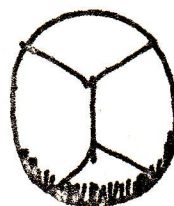


R.B.

At 8:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:20 p.m., or any other time of the day, it's badminton time. I go, but four or five people already have winners. I stay anyway, knowing at least three people will leave. I wait and wait and wai...Uh oh. I have to go to the bathroom. I dash upstairs and am out in 45 seconds. Too late. Two people are arguing over winners although winners really belong to me. I yell out, "I have winners!" Both of them look at me. "No, you don't!" I go down and argue for 10 minutes, then for 10 more minutes on the court. I win out by playing one off on the other and get ready. We volley. "O.K. Ready?" We start. Unfortunately, I am faced by an obviously superior force and get clobbered 15-2. I walk away disgusted. But I am back in 20 minutes to try again.

Volleyball

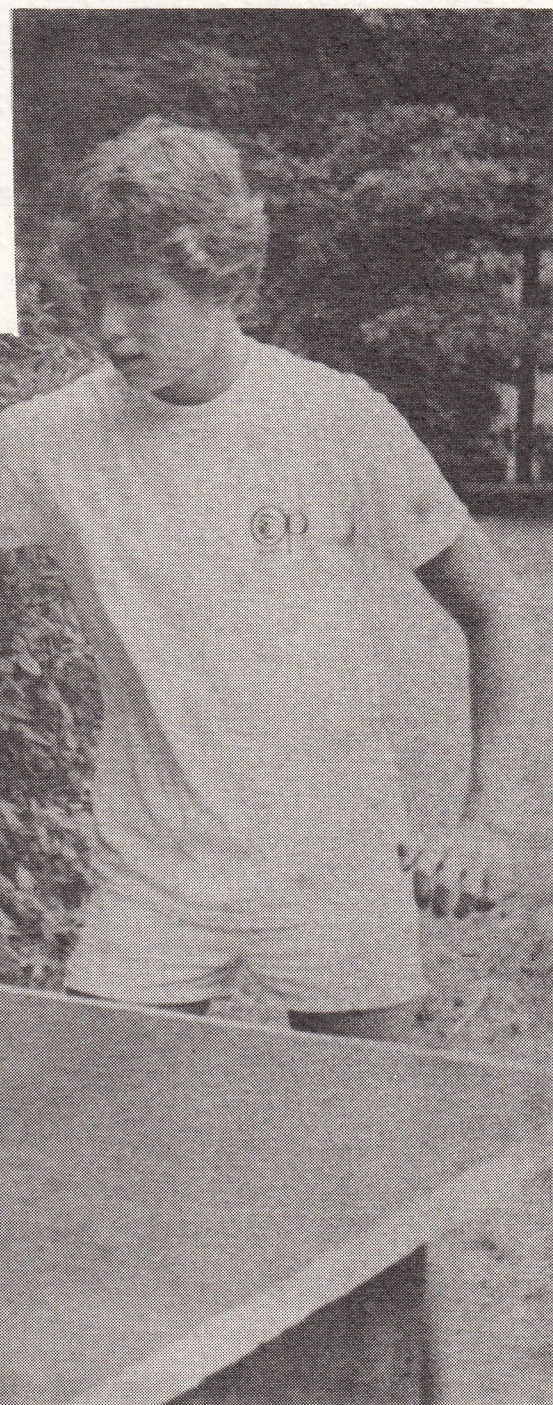
by Rebecca Kislak



Volleyball is a super sport, and here at Buck's Rock is no exception. Every afternoon, there is practice. There girls try setting, bumping, serving, and spiking, getting ready for inter-camp games, of which the team has won half. We beat Camp Delaware and Camp Birchwood, but can't seem to beat Camp Hillcroft. Still, here at Buck's Rock, the emphasis is put on playing well and trying, not winning. One camper from another camp said that her team would get yelled at if they lost.

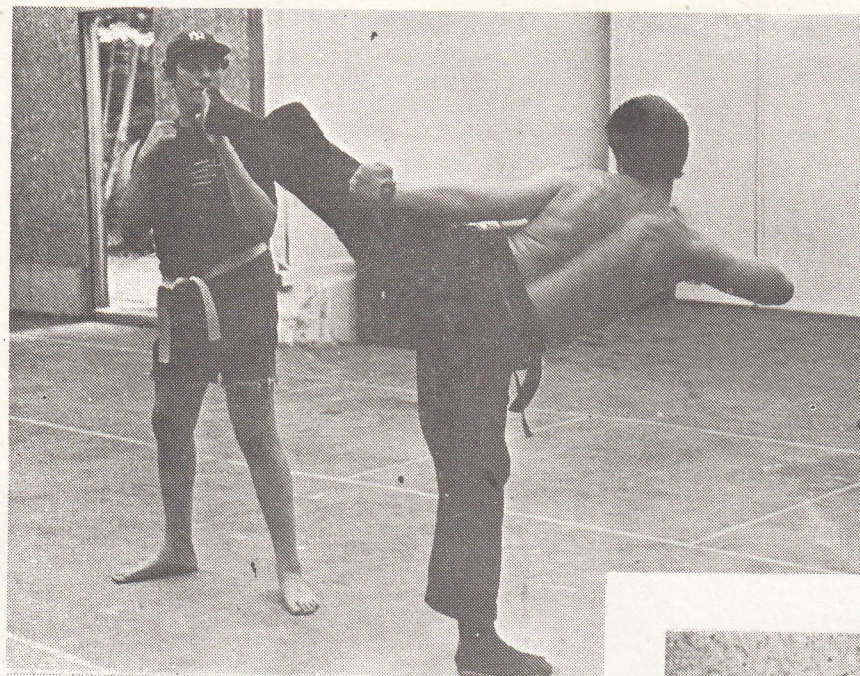


Kenny Peyton at bat.
Jeff Richter pitches.
Photo by Craig Frisch

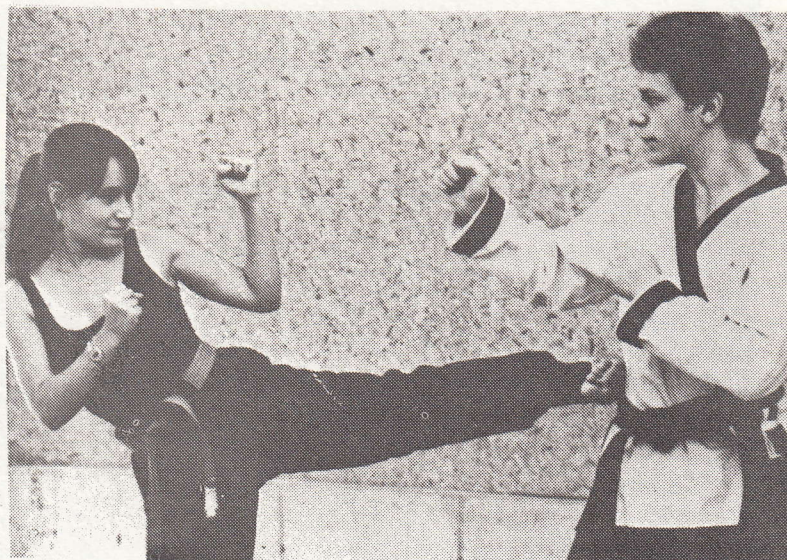


Brent Gillett plays ping pong.

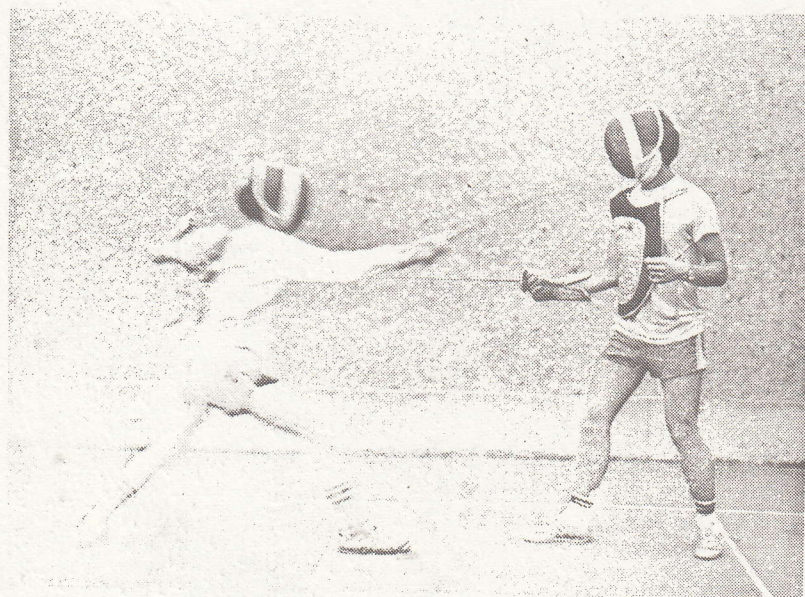
Photo by Marc Boegner



Daniel Rockoff and Paul Shaderowsky
at self defense. Staff Photo



Nicole Beder and Paul work out.
Photo by Andy Feigin



Mark England duels with Gabe Brownstein.
Photo by Brian Gross



'Slight Chance'

by Rebecca Eppenstein



"Slight chance of rain today..." CLICK.
She flips the page
as the pellets of rain beat the window
She stares at the never ending streaks of water
running down
the pools of water beading on the floor
She's comforted now as the drums from the skies
above beat slower
silence overtakes the house
creeping through the linear spaces in the blinds
a weak light appears
the water drowns in the soil
it seems there's a water drought
in the clouds' reservoirs
she opens the blinds of curiosity
wishing this dreary grey world would disappear
the sky parts
the golden rays of warmth greet her
as she steps into a new chapter of the day.



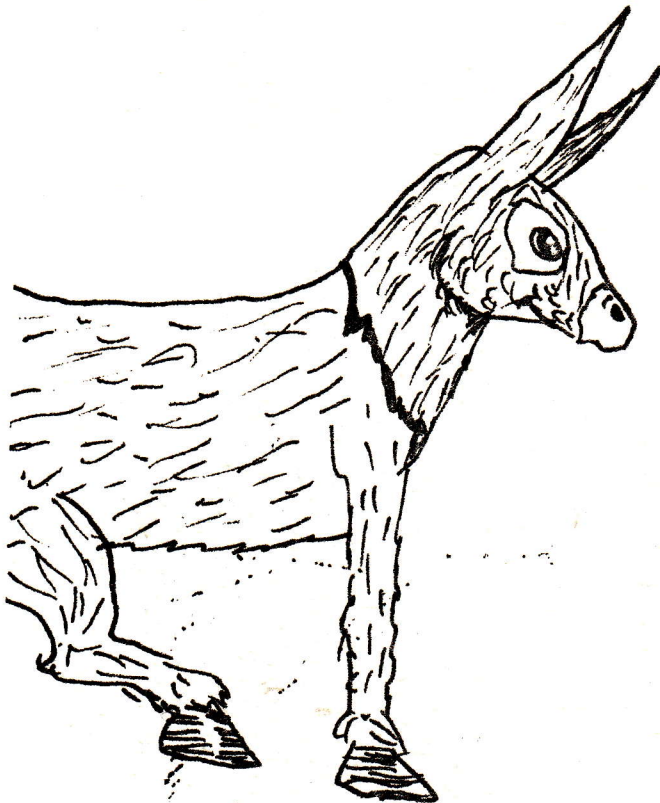
ANIMAL FARM

by Rebecca Kislak

At 4:45 a dozen campers walk out of shops all over Buck's Rock and head towards the Animal Farm. When they get there, they check to see if it is five o'clock yet, so they can feed their cows, pigs, rabbits, donkeys, hens, chicks, ferrets, guinea pigs, goats, horses, sheep, lambs, and calves.

The campers change the animals' water (when it's their turn for the hose), feed them (when the can isn't in use), and spend time with the animals (which you can do even if you haven't adopted one). You can hold small animals like the chicks or walk large animals like the goats.

I myself have adopted the family of chicks. I chose to adopt them so that I could see how tiny, newly hatched chicks become full grown hens and roosters. It's really great when you realise that the chicks have grown up so much. I hold the chicks and sometimes they fall asleep in my hand. A few chicks, the ones that people have taken a special liking to, have names. They are Cumberland, Herman, Mama June, Kim, Black Bal, Blackie, and Flapper. The chicks are really getting big!



"... better than you'll ever be ..."

by Shana Hack

She was talking to the guy who was in charge of giving the order to set off nuclear bombs. He had his dog by his side and was talking about it. "He's a good dog, but he's just a dog," said he.

"Hmmm," she said. "Would you like to go on a trip?"

"What? I have a job to do here!" he said.

"Some job--to be in charge of ruining the world! Come with me."

All of a sudden, the girl, the man, and the dog were standing in a mist. The sky was black, and there were broken things on the ground.

"Where in God's name are we!?" asked the man.

"Oh, don't you know? We are on the planet Earth three years later," said she.

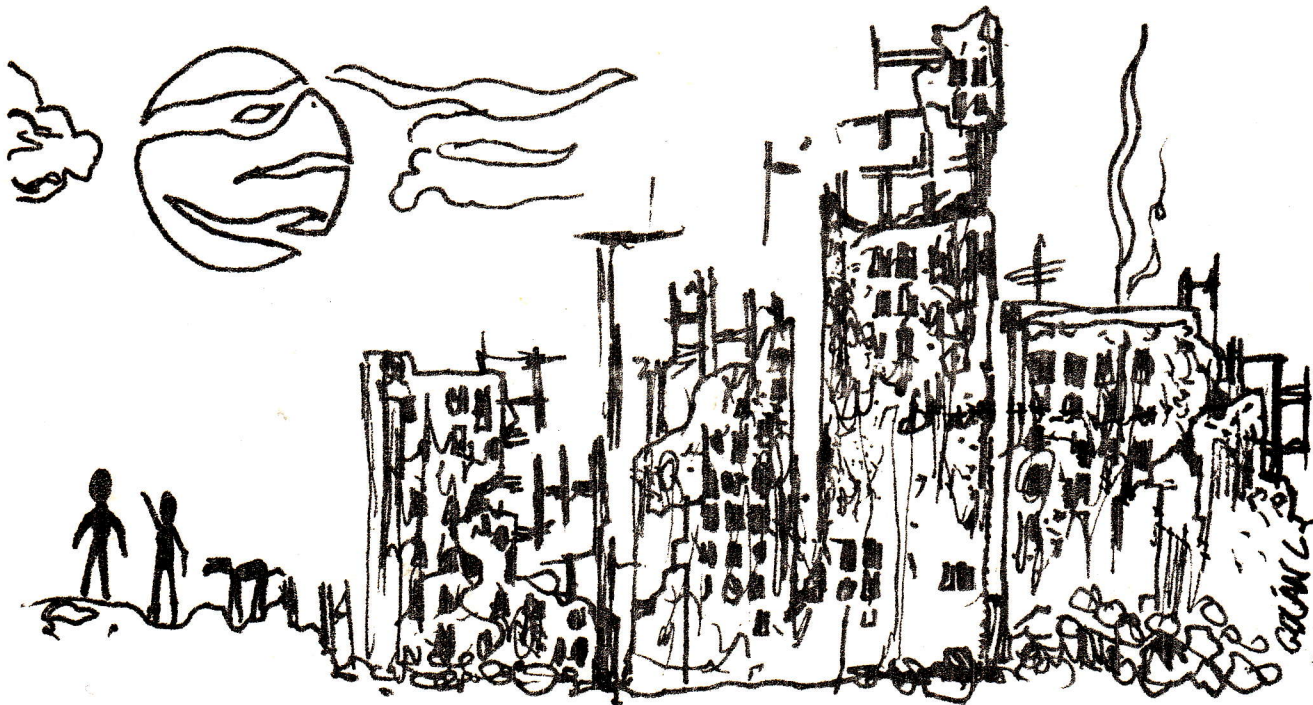
"Three years later? From what?"

"World War III."

"Good God," he said.

"Oh, You humans, look at this! You think you're doing the right thing, but what you really do is ruin the world!!!! This '...he's just a dog...' is better than you'll ever be."

"And you're not a human?" he asked, but standing in the girl's place was a lion who sprang at him and ripped out his terribly small heart.



of love and death

by Sarah Jonas

can't have
only watch
imagine
reflexes controlled
to match both beats
the pulsing light
which keeps the emotion high
is slowly fading
artfully self-deceptive
we continually wonder
play with ideas
but never act
the end is ever closer
but we turn our thoughts
to other directions
determined
we walk blindly
towards shadows

Open: Life's or the Mountains'

I cannot climb the highest mountain
For my grasp will come loose
And I will surely fall
Tumbling down the steepest incline
Leaving all my love at the mountains'
Peak
Severed from me Forever.

Rather
At inappropriate times
I attempt to conceive the 'limap
Secretly, Unconsciously — Knowing
I cannot.

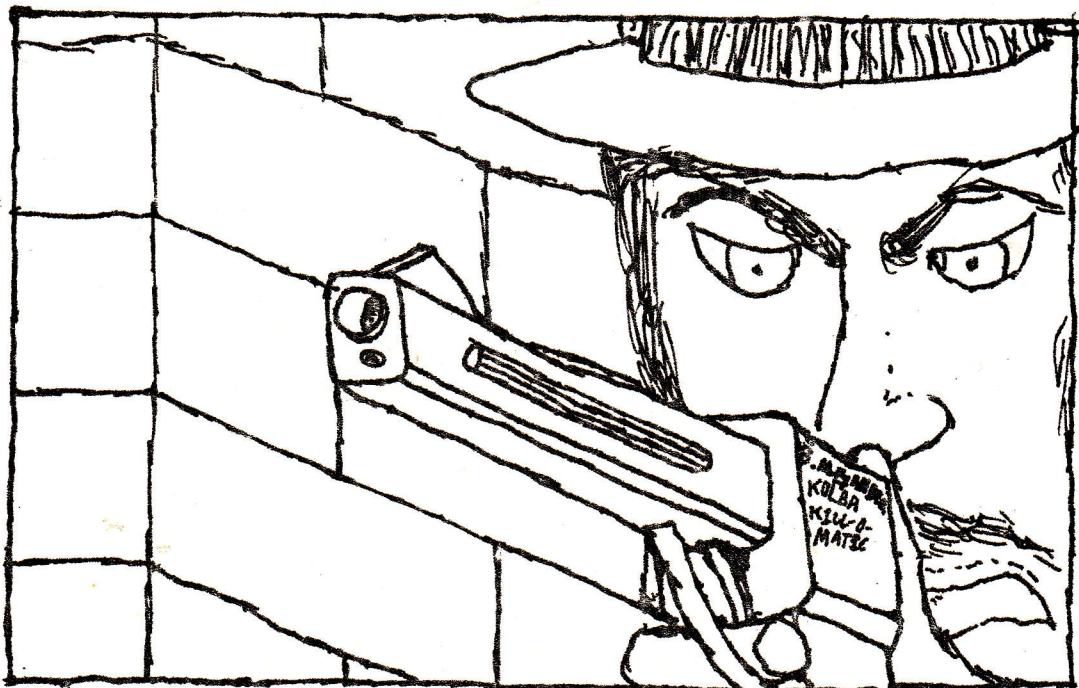
Lydia L. Newman

The Story of a Biofeedback Technician

By Bobby Newman

One bright, sunny day I happened to wander into the computer shop, when suddenly I was forced against the wall, and, at gun point, a calm, mellow voice says, "How would you like to be a BIOFEEDBACK TECHNICIAN?" As Howie's menacing eyes penetrated into mine, I knew there was absolutely no pressure on me, but I volunteered anyway.

This event changed my life. After a few training sessions, I became a technician. Now, even I am a mellow person. I'm so calm, even the gong doesn't make me tense. There is one problem...I can't live without biofeedback. I must do it, at least one hour a day, six days a week. In fact, just the other day, I needed biofeedback just to play poker. I always say, "I could become tense if I wanted to," but I don't. Howie wouldn't let me stop biofeedback--I need biofeedback. Even if I'm not doing biofeedback at a certain time, I just hang out at the science lab with Howie, Mandy, Niki, and Einstein. I can't leave science: I'm too calm, too mellow; I'm addicted.



Roman de Sculpture

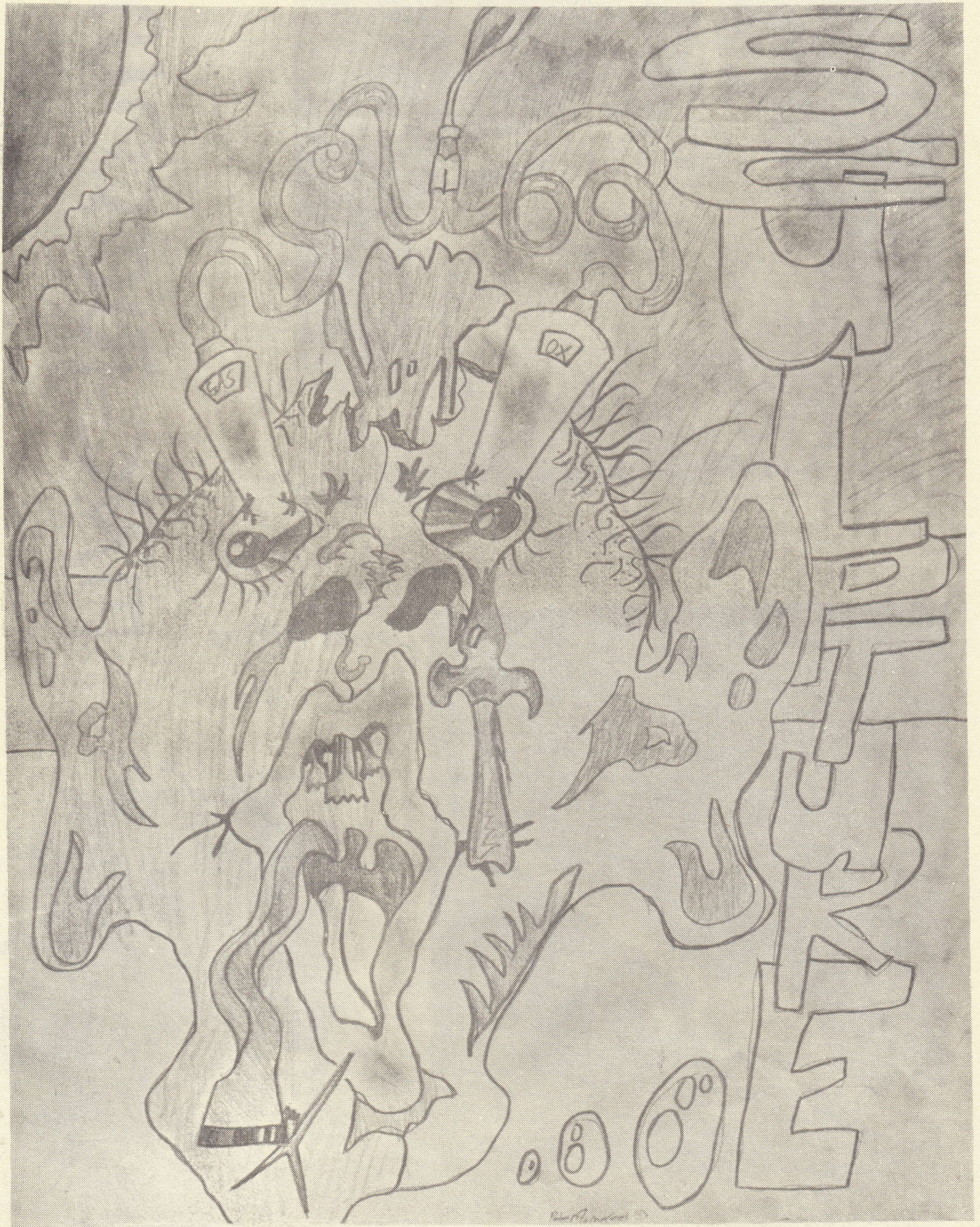
by Dan Herzberg

J'arriva dans l'atelier de sculpture; au premier plan des gens tripotaient une matière poisseuse et brune appelée "wax," dans l'air flottait une musique louche. Autour d'une flamme bleue, ils suivaient avec passion la musique entonnée par un haut-parleur miteux et criaient après leur chef, un rouquin à lunettes, moustaches et boucle d'oreille, Marc. Plus loin, vêtus de leurs costumes folkloriques, tabliers et gants de cuir, lunettes en plastique, ils trouaient, soudaient, construisaient, des machines infernales, sous l'ordre d'une déesse diabolique nommée Eloise.

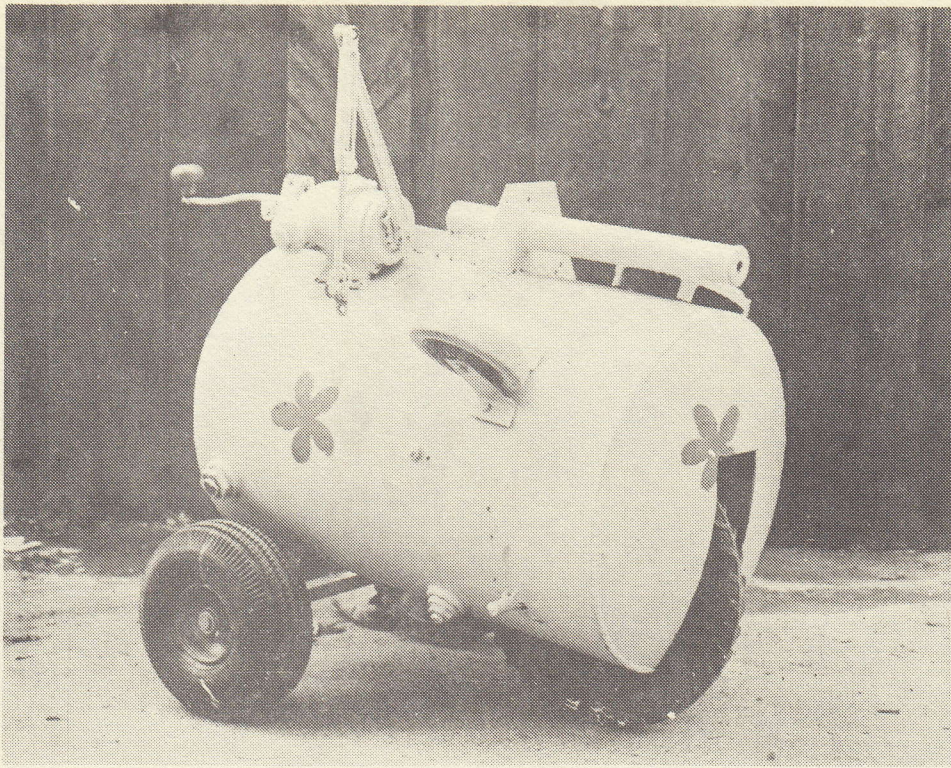
Au bout, sur le sol les derniers fous, autour de leur leader Danny le maboul, tapaient comme des sourds sur la pierre et essayaient désespérément de coller des bouts de ferrailles.

Dans un bruit d'enfer, les trois chefs courraient d'un gamin à l'autre, ordonnant à un adolescent pleurnichard les tâches les plus pénibles; le pauvre Dave devait s'exécuter et se taire. Soudain tous s'arrêtèrent, ils se regardèrent...un signe, un regard et puis crièrent tous en chœur "CLEAN UP!" Tout devint calme. On rangea les outils, plia les tabliers, puis tous se mirent à courrir dans la même direction..."MANGER."

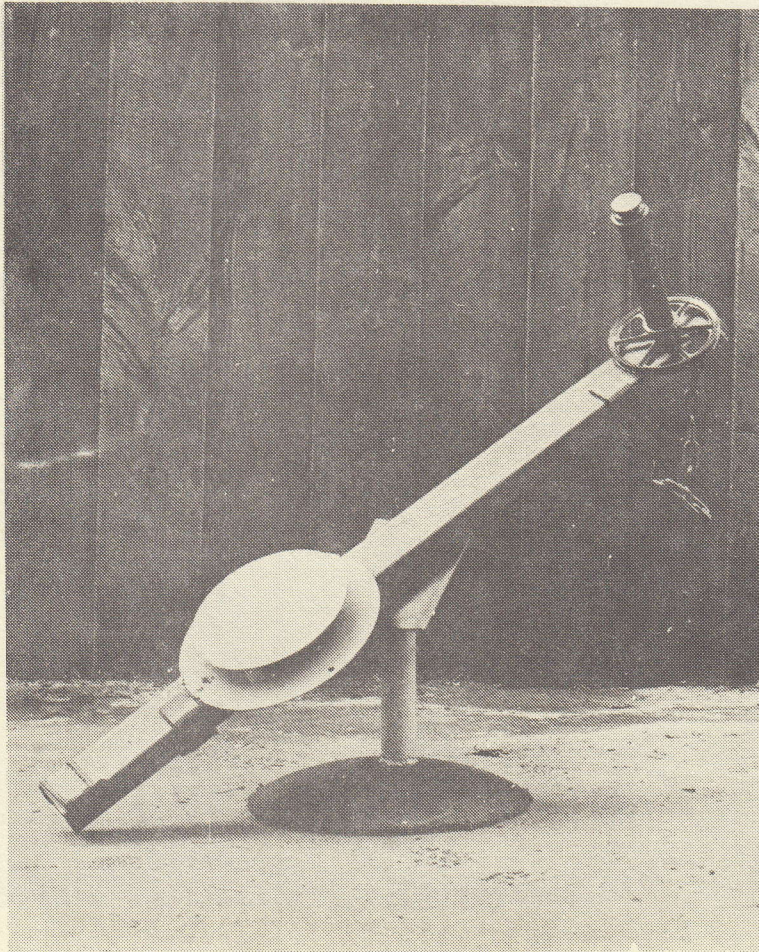
Le rite de ces indigènes me laissa perplexe. Après des années de réflexions, d'études et de recherches, je vous fais part de mes impressions et de mon diagnostic: DÉMENGE AVANCÉE!!!"



שולחן-כרטיס



Golan Levin

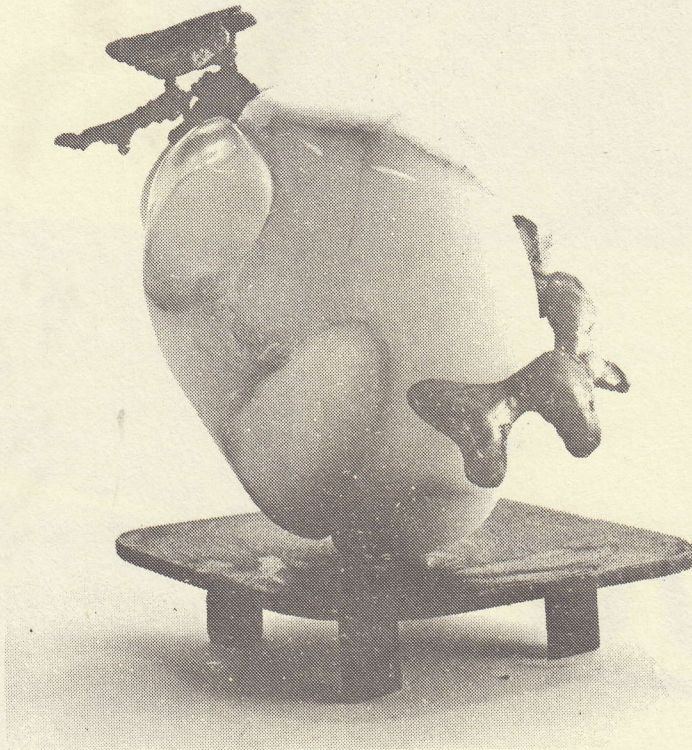


James Atkins

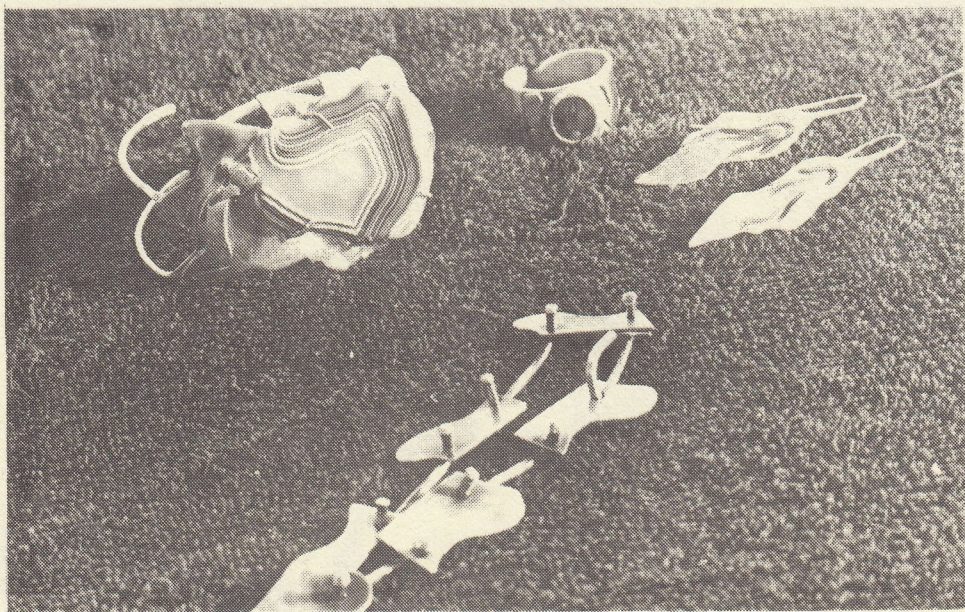


Peter Shmelzer ▶

Stacey
Yaruss
"Stone and
Metal"

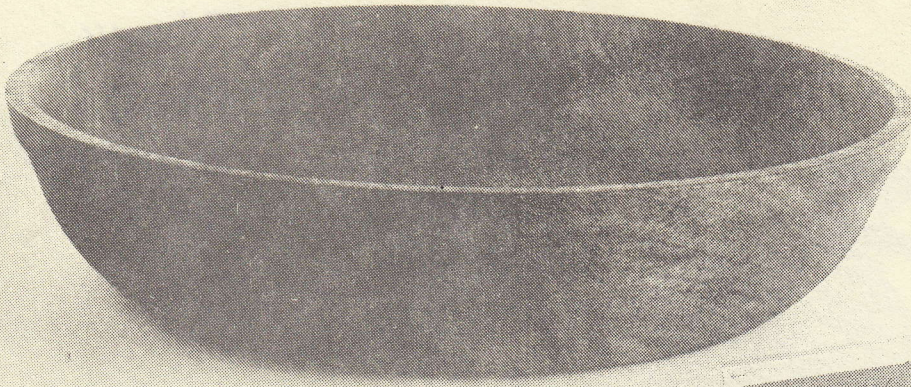


Sculpture/Jewelry

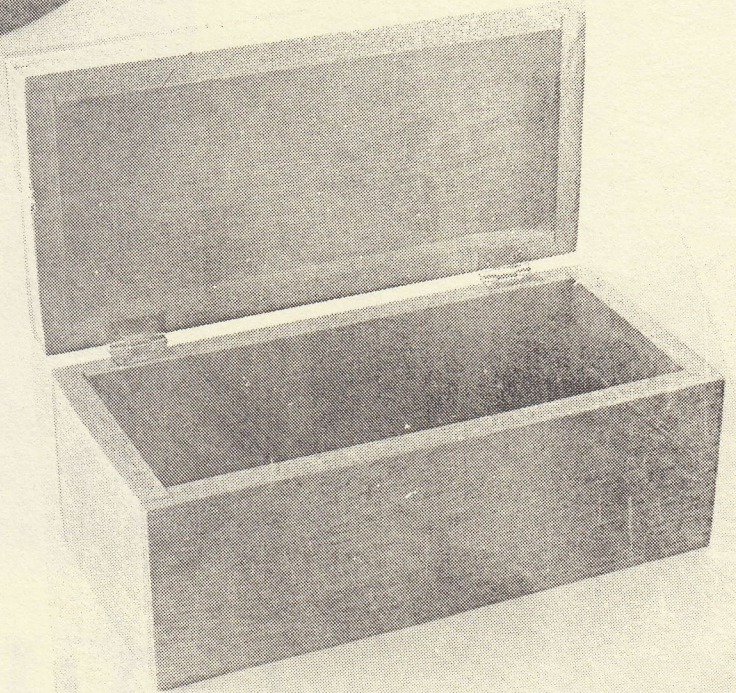


From Upper Left Clockwise: Kim Zern, Simeon
Manber, Jill Rosenberg, Doug Cohn

Andrew Fredrick

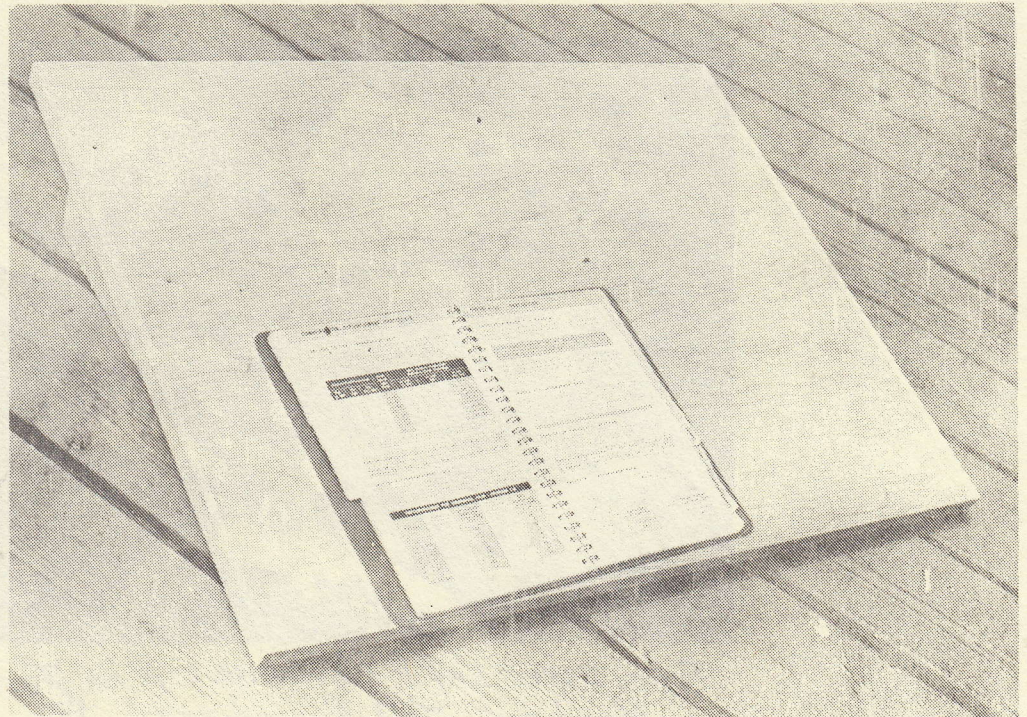


Wood



Brian Sachs

◀ Andrew Fredrick ▶



The Romans of Sculpture

by Dan Herzberg

I arrived in the Sculpture Shop; at first I saw people tampering with a dark and sticky material called "Wax." The air was flowing with shady music. All around a blue flame, they were following the music played by a rotten speaker and were yelling after their chief, Mark, a red-head with glasses, moustache, and earring.

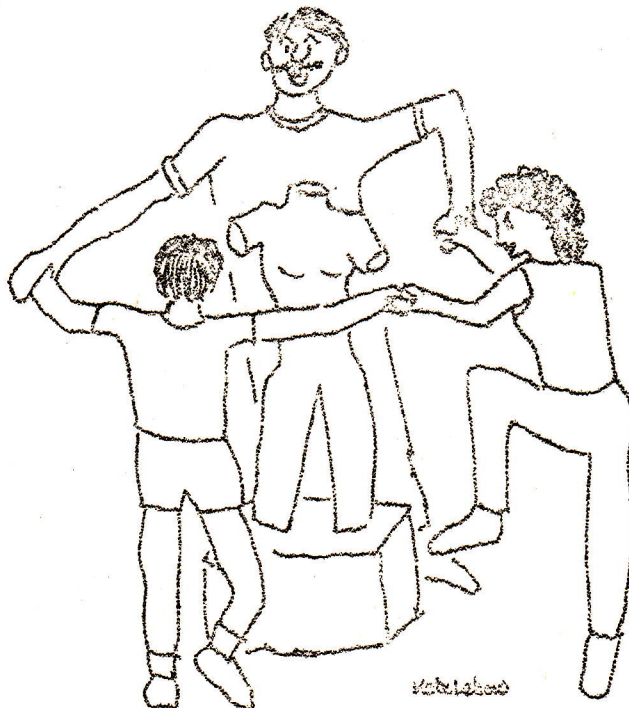
Further into the studio, they were wearing their folk costumes: aprons and gloves of leather and plastic glasses. They were holing, brazing, and building infernal machines, under the orders of a devilish goddess, Eloise.

In the back of the studio, the lost crazies around their leader, Dangerous Dan the Insane, were hammering the stones like the deaf and trying desperately to stick together pieces of steel.

Amidst the hellish noise, the three leaders were running from kid to kid, while ordering a whimpering teenager to do the most painful tasks. Poor Dave had to execute and shut-up!

Suddenly all stopped, looked at each other...a sign... and all screamed "CLEAN UP!" Everything became quiet. They arranged the tools, folded the aprons, and ran in the same direction.. "TO EAT."

The ritual of these natives left me perplexed. After years of thinking, studying, and searching, here are my diagnostic feelings.....ADVANCED INSANITY!!!



ACTOR'S STUDIO

by Mike Hurwitz

CAMP
Day 1

I hear Kate Harper's first play of the summer is a dramatic production of David and Lisa. I try out for it, thinking I have no problem making it in. After all, I had been in Pippin last year and knew Kate fairly well.

Day 2

I made it to the callbacks and had been waiting there for two hours, at which time my name was called and I had to stand in line with seven other kids for ten minutes. Well, by now I know I don't have a big part, but I'm thinking I'll probably get a little part. No chance. Later that evening I find out I hadn't made it in. I was depressed. I hadn't made it in and happened to be the only CIT in Theatre who hadn't made it in. And worst of all, I had to go to the Actors Studio. All Theatre CIT's had been informed that if they didn't make it into the summer play they had to work at the Actors Studio.

Day 3

I casually made my way down to the Actor's Studio to have a nice talk with Robert Goldberg, the counselor. He told me about his ideas and I got my work schedule. I'm saying to myself this is nice, but how the hell am I gonna stay here for two weeks? (The next play tryouts are then.) The main thing I know is that for the next play I'm going to try out and get into it so I can get the hell out of the Actor's Studio.

Two weeks later

Well, surprisingly enough, I find myself enjoying the Studio and getting along very well with both the JC, Ken

Levine, and the Director of the Studio, Robert Goldberg. So I decide to stay there and wait to try out for the next play.

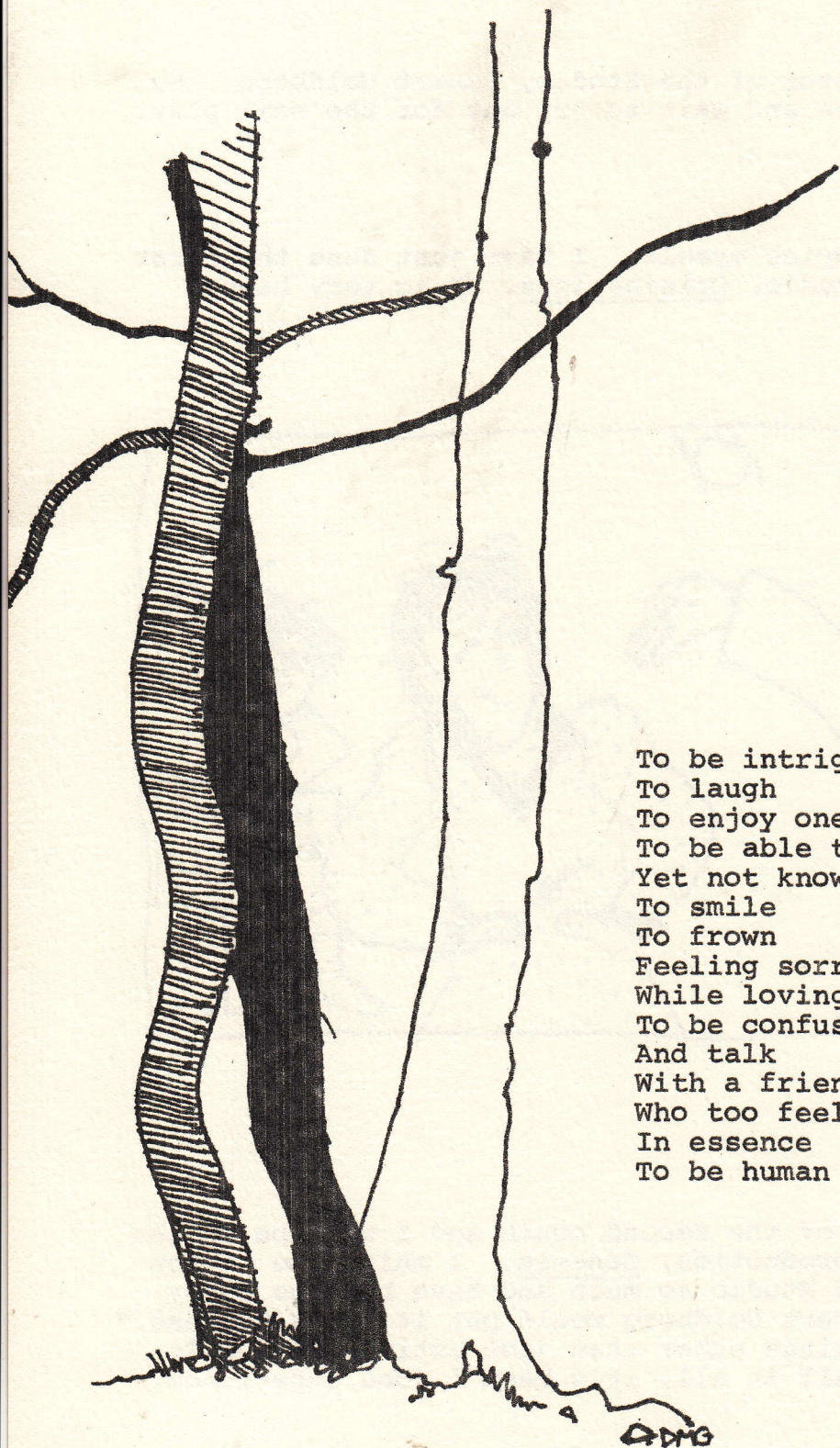
Two weeks later

I am really enjoying myself. I have just done the first play of the Actors Studio, Originations. I am very happy with it.



Closing

It's the middle of the second month and I will be in the final Actors Studio production, Genesis. I think the reason why I like the Actors Studio so much and have been so happy is because of, as Robert Goldberg would put it, "the process." It allows me to do things other than just acting, like writing and directing. All in all, it's been a good experience.



To be intrigued
To laugh
To enjoy oneself
To be able to cry
Yet not know why
To smile
To frown
Feeling sorrow
While loving at the same time
To be confused
And talk
With a friend
Who too feels confused
In essence
To be human

by Evie Cooper

PIONEERING

by Sarah Durham and Julie Peyton

Girls' Cabins had an overnight - and yes, we were determined to sign up for it. We spent four days in anticipation of the night Girls' Cabins 89 and 86 would spend outdoors with our house counselor Kim and that hunk of a man Stephan.

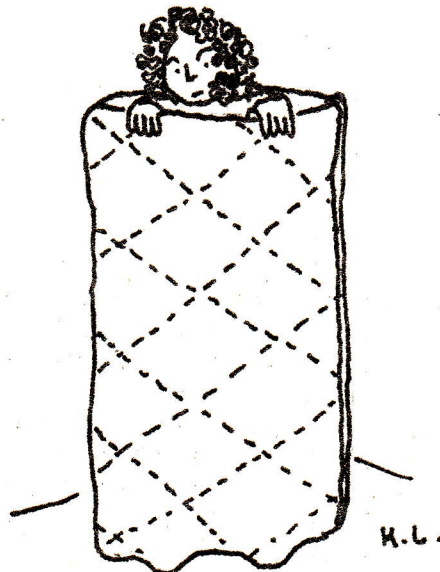
So we set out along glorious and unforgettable (to the bottom of your car) Buck's Rock Road, with a van and a station wagon full of giggly girls, loud music, and two patient counselors. Upon arrival, we made a vague attempt to pitch our tent, which was large enough to accommodate the eight of us girls. Then it was time for the dangerous hike to the bathroom, through fog, mud puddles, and neighboring families

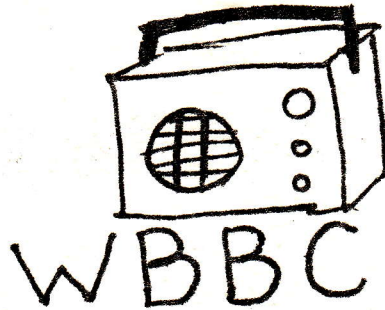
After successfully pigging out on Cheese Doodles, getting sick on s'mores, and the legendary Buck's Rock iced tea, we hit the sack. It's hard to say how long we were awake, but by the time we fell asleep we had played a series of juvenile games and told ghost stories (the only things one should do on an overnight).

One by one we woke up and laughed at each other until it was breakfast time. Breakfast was an experience on its own (one can imagine!).

Then we de-staked the tent, packed up, and cruised on over to Black Rock Lake (Circle Beach). Once there, we spent five and a half hours sunbathing, eating, swimming, eating, getting dirty, eating, and most important, eating.

After all this adventure, we decided to get back to camp - but what's an outing without Carvel and Dunkin' Donuts?!?





By Sandro Weiss

"Hey, you'll need a song cued up after the news. And, oh yeah, I almost forgot, watch your levels. Don't let them...Hey, I said watch your levels--that's way into the red."

Sound like Greek to you? Maybe not if you visited WBBC this summer, the camp's very own radio station.

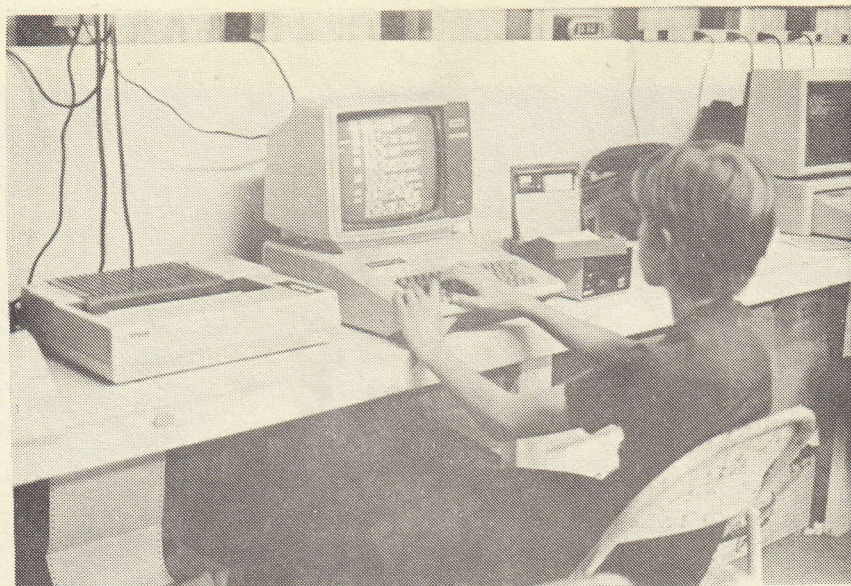
Maybe you participated in writing and reading the news, in production, or in being a DJ. Or did you join in on the fieldtrips or the radio play, Sherlock Holmes' Creepy Christmas? Were you part of the team that did announcements or did you just like to hang out at the shop with Al, Seth, Scott, Steve, and Julie? Did you work on this year's radio documentary, "Competition at Buck's Rock"? Or did you just listen to WBBC in the shops during work hours? Oh, and while questions are being asked, did you marvel at the technical equipment, or did you get involved in using it? Or, did you possibly participate in writing the Sports Update for the 5:00 news?

Well, in any case, if you did visit WBBC, maybe the first paragraph only sounded like Russian.

BUCK'S ROCK BRASS '84

by Sam Farmer

The Buck's Rock Brass group is a group of experienced brass instruments players consisting of Paul Bostock (1st trumpet), Sam Farmer (2nd trumpet), David Hoffman (tuba), Katja Shaye (French horn), Nancy Furman (French horn), and Jennifer Bostock (practice conductor). We practice on Sundays and Thursdays at 1 p.m. and performed on July 22 in the "Matinee Musicale." We also performed on August 10 for the "Pops" concert and will be performing on August 25 for the Festival concert. The music we play is classic or casual and we have lots of fun.



Barry Frenière operates a computer.

Photo by Brian Gross

Andrew Simon at WBBC.

Photo by Brian Gross



Amanda Gross on the air.

Staff Photo



Saul Goldstein



DREAM
BLUE, LIGHT
FLOATING, DRIFTING, MOVING
HEAVEN, FRIENDS, ENEMIES, HELL
FALLING, RUNNING, FRIGHTENING
BLACK, DREARY
NIGHTMARE

by Ashley

Never To Be Picked Up In One Piece

By Alissa Quart

Luna often thought her father killed himself. He died in an aircrash. But they said it was an accident. Luna knew they had driven him to the point where he had no choice. Airbases. The new scientific race. Those coldly vacant eyes of her teachers. They only came alive when they discussed computers, math, the history of Airbases, etc. She blamed Airborne. They were the killers....

She stood inside the bathroom listening to the popular girls and boys walk back and forth. They laughed, had straight blond hair and wore the most expensive clothes. They were his killers. Yeah, beneath those wide blue eyes lay the souls of killers.

They were going to the Earth in the Plane. All of them. She wasn't going. She was hiding out. Remember last time, Luna? You vomited all over beautiful Lisa's styrofoam pink opens.

She went home by Speed Bus. Whenever there were those little plastic tunnels between each Airbase, she lost control. They reminded her of death, and her father and all of the fake people in her school who were killers.

The only homework today was from Mrs. Brody. Y'know. The one that gave special looks to Marissa (Luna's sister) and Luna. Poor scholarship children. Now that was shameful. She remembered a time when they lived near Aunt April and Uncle Mike in Airbase 8....

The Space Bus skidded along to Airbase 8 stops (the rich neighbors), then Airbase 7, "pleasantly middle class." She got off and walked to her home. A large development. It was all clear windows. Her apartment was three rooms--cozy.

Nonara, her mother, was working again overtime. A note was on the washing machine. "April and Mike are meeting us at the Garden." The Garden was out in front of Aunt April's and Uncle Michael's (third husband) house. It was a fish restaurant. The robots were very efficient.

Marissa stared at her hands. She was a special silent child who could stare at a photo for hours until Nonara pulled her away. She rolled her eyes and looked at Marissa who just sat.